

San Francisco, November 8, 1900

THE PACIFIC

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400 Edwards



Volume XLIX

Number 45

The Blossom.

Only a little shriveled seed—
It might be a flower or grass or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers,
Only a few clear, shining hours—
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears of rain;
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream.
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room—
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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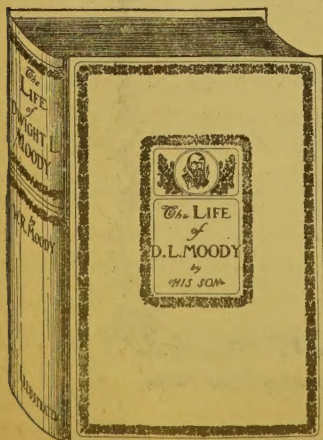
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THE PACIFIC

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"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, November 8, 1900

Serving

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small
Are close-knits strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells:
The book of life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad.
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"It was the church debt that caused the trouble," said a church member whose pastor resigned recently. Beware of church debts! They have blighted the career of many a preacher and many a church. "I would rather preach on a barrel than in a pulpit having a dollar of debt hanging over it," said Mr. Raymond C. Robbins, when a man at Nome offered to lend him \$4,000 with which to construct a church building. We heard it stated recently that work is not to be commenced on the proposed new building at Petaluma until the money is all provided for in responsible pledges. It is the intention to dedicate without debt the handsome chapel now being built for Pilgrim church in Seattle. Two instances, these, worthy of note.

How to make the Sabbath a delight to the children as well as to mature saints is an ever-recurring problem in a Christian household. The following was among the methods adopted by one wise and devoted mother—and it was successful. A large drawer was designated as the "Sunday Drawer." In that drawer were deposited the children's most attractive books and playthings, carefully selected, with an eye to their special fitness, and the drawer was religiously kept closed until the Sabbath. None of its treasures were allowed to become common. When used, moreover, the mother aimed to be present with the children. And

thus the Lord's day was to that household the day of all the week the best; anticipated with delight, keenly enjoyed, and full of sweetest memories. There was work involved for the faithful mother; but the writer can testify that it paid—paid for her and paid for the children.

The Armour Institute in Chicago has been the pioneer in that city in engineering work and in all departments of domestic arts and science. It is destined to be the great technical school of the Mississippi Valley. The Institute owes its inception to a sermon preached by Dr. Gunsaulus and to the religious influence of Joseph F. Armour, a brother of Philip D. Armour, who has furnished the millions of dollars necessary for its establishment. The very beginning of the work was a little mission Sunday-school, organized by Joseph F. Armour. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" was a question of long ago. "Can there be anything good in a very rich man?" is often a question of today. Evidently, Philip D. Armour is allowing some good to flow from him. It is said by one who knows him quite well that he is a deeply religious man, and believes that one cardinal principle of religion is to do good to his fellow-men. "He is a constant attendant, when in the city, at the afternoon Sunday-school, and takes a deep interest in its welfare."

A writer in the New York Evangelist is of opinion that the American Justin McCarthy who bye-and-bye writes up the history of the close of the nineteenth century in America will give special attention to the three great social uplift movements of the century, viz.: the Salvation Army, the Christian Endeavor and the Chautauquan. "It is striking how these together cover the whole social ground, the first named dealing with the lower classes, the second the younger, and the third the unmatriculated middle and upper classes."

China's Only Hope.

Soon after China had been beaten by the doughty warriors of Japan, and the persistent pressure on the part of European nations had frightened the people into the belief that their empire was likely soon to crumble away unless they bestirred themselves, a book was published by one of her great viceroys, entitled "China's Only Hope." The book was written with no ulterior motive; its author has long been distinguished for his purity of character and his devotion to the interests of his people. It is said by the noted missionary Griffith John that he is a comparatively poor man although he might have been one of the richest men in the empire; that his opportunities for accumulating wealth have been many and peculiarly favorable; that these have been passed by, and that the money that has naturally come to him because of his position has been spent largely for public works and in charity.

The book was submitted to Kwang Su, the Emperor, who, after a careful inspection, said that it contained a fair and candid statement of facts, that a perusal of its contents would broaden the mental scope and open up methods of far-reaching usefulness. The Emperor requested that volumes be handed to the Grand Council of State and that they be distributed to the viceroys, governors and literary examiners for extensive publication and circulation. In a short time not less than a million copies were in circulation in China. And now the book appears in English and naturally is attracting many readers.

What, in the opinion of this viceroy, Chang Chitung, is the exact condition in China?—or was the condition? for the book was written before the recent attack upon the foreigners—and in what lies her hope?

In some ways, he believes that the conditions among his people are better than and preferable to the conditions in other lands. He declares that the history of China for two thousand years back shows conditions far better than any in western countries, even at the height of our boasted civilization of the last half-century. He admits no parallel in what he calls China's record of generosity, benevolence, loyalty and honesty; and her people, of whatever condition, rich or poor, high or low—all are said to enjoy a perfect freedom and a happy life. Nevertheless he tells his people

that they have been very stupid for the last fifty years, that they have no real scholars, no skillful artisans; that the officials are lacking in discernment, and that unless deficiencies are supplied there is nothing for China but to perish in the slough of despond and despair.

In order to save China from revolution and destruction three things, he says, are necessary. "The first is to maintain the reigning dynasty, the second is to conserve the holy religion, and the third is to protect the Chinese race." Upon the necessity for the conservation of "the holy religion," which is Confucianism, he lays special emphasis. "Government and religion are inseparably linked together." Indeed, "religion is government," says this Chinese viceroy. Accordingly, the foundations of the state are regarded as deep and durable, and if only the protection of heaven is assured they will certainly stand secure. He mentions the "absurd gossip about the partition of China by Europeans," and says that if this were to come about there would be no respect for "the holy doctrine of Confucius." "The classics of the four philosophers would be thrown out as refuse, and the Confucian cap and gown would never more cherish the hope of an official career. Our clever scholars would figure as clergymen, compradores and clerks, whilst the common people would be required to pay a poll-tax and be used as soldiers, artisans, underlings and servants. That is what would happen. And the more menial our people became, the more stupid they would be; until being both menial and stupid they would become reduced to wretched poverty and at last perish miserably. Our holy religion would meet the same fate that Brahmanism in India did. Its adherents would be found skulking away, or crouching among the cavernous hills, but clinging fast the while to some tattered remnants of the truth! The Flowery People would become like the black Kwun Lun of the Southern Ocean, the lifelong slaves of men, vainly seeking an escape from the curses and blows of their masters."

To avert the evils which threaten, Chang Chi-tung advocates the adoption of Western science and methods, but with Chinese learning always as the basis. "If the Chinese student is not versed in Chinese literature, he is like a man who does not know his own name.

Attempts to govern without a knowledge of Chinese will be like trying to ride a horse without a bridle, or steer a boat without a rudder. Without a basis of native literature the Chinese who acquires this Western learning will loathe his country in proportion as his scientific knowledge increases."

Accordingly, while this great viceroy would introduce into China schools and newspapers and books and railways, and would lead his people out as travelers to mingle with other peoples and to absorb from them, he would have all on the basis of Confucianism. It is thus in his opinion that his nation will acquire and be accorded her right position among the nations of the world.

In vision Chang Chi-tung is shortsighted. He has not read far in the history of the world, and much that he has read he has failed to apprehend. He looks upon the Christian religion with toleration, and advises the Chinese to tolerate it is they do Buddhism and Taoism. But it is evident that he is no better informed as to that than he is as to some of the American and European customs. A man who believes that Western people, in lieu of ancestral halls and tablets of deceased relatives, "place the photographs of their dead parents and brothers on the tables in their houses and make offerings to them," is likely to misapprehend us in other ways.

In part, the noted Chinaman, who seeks to uplift and save his race, is right. Their salvation as a nation will come through the adoption of Western knowledge and methods, but it will not come through the renaissance of Confucianism.

It is through Christianity that come those elements and things which are most to be prized in a civilization. Without Christianity, history shows that a nation can reach only a certain level; it will then decline and fall like many a nation of the past. In the words of the eminent historian, John Lord: "If we had no Christianity we should be compelled, so far as history teaches us lessons, to adopt the theory of Buckle and his school, of the necessary progress and decline of nations—the moving round, like systems of philosophy, in perpetual circles. But with the indestructible ideas which the fathers planted, there must be a perpetual renovation and an unending progress, until the world becomes an Eden."

We see now on the world's horizon the dawning of a day when millions of people all over China will see that not in Confucianism, nor in Buddhism or Taoism, but in Christianity lies their nation's only hope, and when under the banner of Christ the Asiatics will stand shoulder to shoulder with other races in the battle for that kingdom, the principles of which have ever during the ages been gaining ascendancy upon the earth. As in the past, the blood of the martyr will be the seed of the church. Out of the suffering and sacrifice in China will come blessings to that benighted people and such an uplift to the kingdom of Christ as will mark the period as an epoch in the world's history.

Notes.

At the San Francisco ministers' meeting Monday the Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean spoke of some of the impressions brought from the American Board meeting in St. Louis. He was of opinion that the day of great and effective talk-meetings is past. Not however the day of the small meeting. Work is to be done more in the local church and congregation; there are to be more home fires. It was evident in the meeting in St. Louis, as well as elsewhere, that the work of missions is regarded now as more a movement against heathen civilization, not so much for the saving of the individual as for the saving of the world—making it a place where the spirit of Christ shall prevail and rule. This was said to be not so much a change in method as a change in emphasis. Mention was made of a wider sense of measures and agencies to be relied upon in missions. Grandly promotive in this work are the great commercial movements of the day. God is saying of men today as he said ages ago of Cyrus, that he will gird them and use them for the accomplishment of his plans. Accordingly in all departments of life there are powerful agencies for the bringing down of the kingdom more and more out of heaven upon the earth. Referring to China, it was said that there was given there in these troublous times an illustration of the world's need of the gospel. In the outcome of the trouble in China it was manifest that Christianity had achieved what the ancient religion and civilization could not achieve. The native Christians, it was said, had come nobly out of their trials and had shown character that could be the product of nothing but Christianity.

For several months a woman of refinement has attended religious services in a certain church in Oakland without any notice on the

part of the members of the church, although there is a membership of several hundred. The church is not Congregational. If it were we should drop a note to its pastor and enquire as to its charter. The following from the New York Christian Advocate is suggestive in this connection: "On a recent Sunday a stranger attended service in a large church in a New Jersey suburban town within twelve miles of this city. Upon entering the auditorium he noticed a number of ushers standing about, and being a stranger, he hesitated for a moment, hoping that one of them would approach him and conduct him to a seat; but as this was not done, he passed down the aisle and found a seat himself, and during the services was the only person in the pew. By his side he found a four-page bulletin of the church: 'Strangers most cordially welcomed to all the services of the church.' Presently the minister arose and announced a psalm, which was to be read responsively. There was no Bible or Psalm Book in the rack before the stranger, although the pews to the front, side and rear of him were supplied. Being somewhat familiar with the psalm, he was enabled to participate with the people in the responses. A little later the minister announced a hymn. There was no hymn book in this pew, although the people on all sides of the stranger were liberally supplied. The hymn being a familiar one, however, the stranger joined with the congregation in praise. At the close of the sermon the minister made the following announcement: 'After the benediction the ordinance of the Lord's Supper will be administered, and we invite all who are of the same faith and practice as ourselves to partake with us.' The stranger thereupon withdrew, and, although there were several ushers and representatives of the church at the door when he passed out into the drizzling rain, he was ignored as totally as if he were an inhabitant of some other sphere. The church being of the Baptist persuasion, the announcement of the minister concerning the holy communion was in entire harmony with the principles and practice of that denomination; but it seemed a singularly fitting culmination of a series of incidents wherein the law of Christian courtesy and hospitality was more honored in the breach than the observance."

All can be sympathetic.

Weights are wings when carried for another.

None of the laws of God are arbitrary. If they were they should have long since been forgotten; but because they are the expression of truth they are eternal. Love liberty, and remember that liberty comes through love.

The Bystander.

THE MINISTER AT PLAY.

The Bystander believes that "all work and na play" makes Jack a dull preacher. Therefore, he believes the minister should spice his work with legitimate sport. Dr. Van Dyke preaches better for having fished and Dr. Parkhurst is more effective as a reformer for climbing the Swiss Alps. He read with more than ordinary interest "Aloha's" account, published in last week's Pacific, of a remarkable hunting trip. He has wondered many times if the acorn author really shot a wood duck, and whether a wood duck is a wooden duck, the sort some people call decoy. There are some men who are more at home with the pen than the gun, and "Aloha" has always seemed to the Bystander such a man. Perhaps the Bystander is mistaken. At any rate, the account of this remarkable trip was written after the manner of a Thoreau and John Burroughs, and it might be regarded as higher criticism to inquire too closely into the facts of the case. All this leads the Bystander to say that he, too, has been hunting—with a good church deacon, who took him to the marshes and gave (and received) some lessons in shooting snipe and ducks. Had he (not the deacon) escaped the perils of a slough and not found himself where one of Bunyan's characters landed he might be able to report a more successful outing. But this does not prevent him from saying that he brought home tangible evidence of a really profitable trip along the Sacramento. A morning on the marshes is a good preparation for a morning in the library. It helps the brain, and nerve and soul, and gives strength for the daily toil. The Bystander is bound to confess, however, that he never shot a wooden bird.

THE ELECTION.

When this is read the election will be over. The Bystander has been watching the public mind with a good deal of amusement and concern during the campaign, though he confesses that he did not listen to one campaign speech. Men are not very much influenced, so he thinks, by campaign oratory. The fact that we elect a President every four years is a surprise to other nations; and the way we do it is a still greater surprise. We get excited and resort to all manner of means to secure votes. Wit, logic, satire, money, influence and every possible method are employed to win in the race. The result is usually received with true American regard for the will of the majority. The vote is a sacred prerogative, the people's weapon. In this country it has proved to be successful, but it is not peculiar to the American people. Paul once voted and cast a black pebble which got him into trouble. Moses asked, Who is on the Lord's side? and Joshua

said, "Choose this day whom ye will serve." Our Lord was the victim of the people's ballot when Barabbas was released by the vote of Pilate's mob. The fact is, we are always voting for the right or for the wrong. The American has a larger duty than merely casting his ballot now and then for a public official. He is called upon daily to throw the weight of his influence on the right side, and in his power of choice lies the true dignity of a man.

WHAT THE PREACHERS ARE SAYING.

A bright lady remarked to the Bystander the other day that it seemed out of place just now for the pulpit to indulge in biblical criticism, that there appeared to be times and seasons for certain topics which possess, for a period, the public mind. The lady touched upon a peculiarity of the pulpit, and not only of the pulpit but of thoughtful people everywhere. There are unaccountable passions of the mind which lead the church to think and speak upon certain distinct lines—now philosophy, now the Bible, and again some phase of reform. Ideas fly over the world like birds, in flocks. They are drawn together by the laws of affinity, and group themselves in a certain period of time. Thus a few years ago the church was filled with a criticism of the Bible, and before that philosophy or eschatology was dominant; now it is the broad international outlook which confronts the church. The pulpit today is approaching the human heart by a better understanding of life, by which is meant the political, social and religious conditions of the world. The points of contact between the individual and his environment are emphasized, under the light of the Bible, and with a fresh understanding of the person and death of Jesus Christ. The dominant note, then, is a note of life, a world-note, at once comprehensive and effective. The successful preacher will read these signs of the times, and adjust himself to them, by a close study of conditions and by a courageous spirit to interpret them. It is just as important for a man to understand his times as it is for him to understand his Bible. The times are ever giving interpretation to the Bible, and the Bible to the times.

The pulpit which stands in any other century except the present is out of harmony with the age. One of the most pitiful sights is to see a preacher taking his place in the dim light of the seventeenth century, preaching to a congregation seated in the nineteenth or twentieth century.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MOVEMENT.

The Bystander has just read a letter sent out by a pastor to his young people, calling the attention of the dilatory to their duty and showing by facts and figures that about one-half the membership are not meeting the ob-

ligations of their pledge. The pastor does not urge a "plan" or "scheme" to recover the life in these dead branches, but simply places the responsibility upon the young people themselves.

The gulf between the Christian Endeavor pledge and the actual life of the members seems to be increasing. The first generation of Endeavorers is passing away, and this transition makes a real or apparent break in the continuity of the society's life. The pledge, "for Christ and the church," is not kept with very great conscience, either in spirit or practice, and pastors everywhere are sensible of this condition. The old forms, hymns, vows, enthusiasms, have cooled in their ardor and "new occasions teach new duties." Probably the chief danger of our young people's organization is the separation from the church on the natural law that "birds of a feather flock together." Young people do not easily co-operate with more mature people in public worship. This is a fact, whatever objections may be urged against it. But the average pastor finds it most difficult to hold his young people to the church as such, to its devotions, benevolences, doctrines and duties.

The time is approaching when a better adjustment will be made between the church and the young people. In the meantime, pastors have a right to expect the allegiance promised and the devotion and help so generously pledged. The Bystander believes that vows, promises, pledges and the like are scattered around too lavishly among our young people. After a while they begin to lose their strength. A revival of conscience respecting vows is imperatively needed among our young people at the present time.

CHURCH LOYALTY AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

One of the most remarkable contradictions in life is the discrepancy between the enthusiasm for a church and the character of the enthusiast. A new member of the Roman Catholic Church said to the Bystander a few days since, "I am perfectly happy in my faith. I would gladly die for it. I go to church nearly every day." "But has this new enthusiasm for a great church made any change in your life?" inquired the Bystander. "Not in the least. I do the things I did when a Protestant. I have given up nothing; only I'm contented now, since I am a Catholic." The Bystander believes this new convert is a type of Protestants and Catholics whose church has never touched character. "Why, then, be a Catholic?" said the Bystander, "why be a Protestant—why be anything?" In Paris and Marseilles the Bystander saw the crowds go to the cathedrals in the morning and to the races in the afternoon. But this is not peculiar to Catholicism. Many people in Protestantism would fight for their church, indeed, die for it,

and still live a life of worldliness, of complete indifference to the higher standards of morality. There are men in San Quentin who believe the Bible from cover to cover; who believe in the church of St. Peter, to the Pope, and from Father to ———?; but between them and the church is a great gulf; all of which raises questions in the Bystander's mind—psychological, metaphysical, theological.

The Religious World.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, will desist from public speaking for a few months, being in poor health.

Ten years ago the church of the Disciples had four organizations in Chicago. Now it has twenty-four.

Mr. Sankey is having large attendance at his evangelistic meetings in England. Great assembly halls are taxed to their utmost, and many persons are turned away.

It is thought that one half of the \$20,000,000 twentieth century thankoffering of the Methodist Episcopal church will be subscribed by the first of January.

Here are some timely words by the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, Superintendent of city missions in Chicago: "Until we can preach sermons that will have a hundredth part of the effect of Edwards' famous discourse, 'Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God,' or, 'Their Feet Shall Slide in Due Time,' it might be well to improve our own discourses rather than to condemn discourses spoken for earlier times."

The Disciples of Christ believe that the world never had an abler theologian than Alexander Campbell, the founder of the church of this name. No opportunity to exalt him in the estimation of the people is neglected. A writer in the Christian Evangelist suggests that the Disciples all over the country modestly but strongly present his name for a place in the New York Hall of Fame.

Bishop Thoburn says that the deaconesses have come upon the scene in the Methodist Episcopal church to stay. There are many churches, he says, clamoring for deaconesses to come and assist the pastors and others workers in places where precious opportunities are being wasted. He finds that very few pastors can do the work which their positions now demand, and all the while duties present themselves which demand the help of Christian womanhood.

The preaching of the plain gospel has not lost its power. The churches of today that are living churches and that show signs of enduring life are those in which the pure gospel is preached. The Rev. Dr. M. R. Drury says in the Religious Telescope in the way of

illustration of what this kind of preaching will do: "Let me cite the work of Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, who, through the heat of the summer, preached with singular acceptance to Mr. Spurgeon's great congregation in London, following the death of that remarkable preacher, a few years ago. For months he preached to full and often overflowing houses. The heat was sometimes extreme, the discourses often exceeded an hour, the services were plain to barrenness, the preacher's manner, though earnest, was simple and quiet. There was nothing to captivate the crowds that thronged to hear him, except this one thing, a man of deep conviction and earnest purpose pleading with his fellow-men to accept the life-giving truths of the gospel, to be reconciled to God through the crucified Savior."

In the city of Chicago there are 605 Protestant churches, with a total membership of 167,000. In the Sunday-schools of these churches there are 184,000 members. The 113 Roman Catholic churches claim 650,000 adherents. In addition to these there are Christian workers in the Salvation Army and other organizations. But all together make an inadequate force when the evil arrayed against them is considered. One who wrote recently on "Chicago's Redemption," says that a glance at the city will show how greatly the gospel is needed there. "About six thousand saloons are now doing business. These employ thirty-one thousand six hundred persons, and have a daily income of \$316,000. In a single saloon on a certain ordinary Sabbath evening at seven o'clock there were counted 524 men. Within the next two hours 480 more men entered, until men were standing six deep around the gambling tables. There are three thousand billiard and pool rooms, mostly sporting centers and adjacent to saloons. There are over thirty theatres, mostly open on the Lord's day. At seventeen of these on a certain ordinary Sabbath evening were counted 17,160 men between the ages of fifteen and forty-five, besides older and younger men and women. And the largest attendance was at the lowest and most disreputable places. Scores of cheap lodging houses are found, accommodating one hundred to six hundred each, without home comforts and exposing lodgers to unspeakable temptations. Houses of impurity abound. In one ward were counted 312 in which were found 1,708 inmates. A thousand men are engaged in alluring men into these dens. Fully fifty thousand men, one in nineteen men in the city, are engaged in public enterprises whose aim is to demoralize. Between seventy-five and eighty thousand arrests were made last year and the criminals cost the people over three and a half millions of dollars. It would be a long and dark catalogue if all the evils were named."

Church Music.

REV. D. V. POLING.

Music, as an art, is just as distinctive and marked as any other. It has its source precisely where others have theirs. Its heights are just as sublime; its victories are just as supreme. The family circle of the arts and sciences is conspicuously incomplete without it. It stands closely connected with man's inner life. It ministers to his spiritual progress and development. Yet it is compelled to carry a burden of prejudice; it is forced to know itself shamefully misunderstood, and sees itself misrepresented and its esthetical meaning and value ignored. And what may be called church music fares the same as music in general.

A musical critic once said, "The cradle of music may be traced back to that of Christianity"; but long before the dawning of that day we have the record of a sublime system of sacred music. From beginning to end, the Book of Books rings with sacred music. The chosen people were an intensely musical people. In their worship in the temple of the Most High, they gave a large place to music. They sang; they also played upon the harp, the cornet, the organ. Page after page of the Bible thrills and pulsates with song. The virgin choirs sang and played an accompaniment upon the cymbal. The prophets sang also, and played a subdued accompaniment upon the harp. On their march, as the tribes journeyed to the annual feast, they sang and played to the glory of God. We find the Levite, singing in the temple choir: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever." Sacred music thus formed a large part of the worship of the God of Israel in the day when Judaism, not Christianity, was the prevailing religious system.

However, a new impetus was given to sacred music in the very beginnings of Christianity. When in the stillness of the midnight hour, the angel choir sang over that Bethlehem cradle which held the Christ child, there was heard by the sons of men a new song of a new gospel. It was not the temple choir chanting, "Give thanks unto the Lord"; it was the celestial choir singing, "Glory to God on high, peace on earth, good will toward men"; and from that hour forward, on through the ages, music has had its well established place in the worship of God in his temple. Side by side, hand in hand, have gone the gospel Word and the gospel song. They are inseparable. Our Master and his disciples, just before they visited the garden on Olivet for the last time, sang a hymn; and Paul and Silas, that night, while in prison at Phillippi, their feet painfully fast in the stock, their backs raw and sore from the Roman lash, sang in the midnight watches to the glory of Christ the Lord, and to the sal-

vation of the prison-keeper, and his entire family. And when, true to the spirit and teaching of its great Head, the Church of Jesus Christ has ever been a singing, and therefore a conquering, victorious church.

So, today, intelligent churchmen regard good church music as an indispensable factor among the factors and elements which work for the salvation of a lost world. All are agreed as touching this matter. The only diversity of opinion comes in at this particular place: what constitutes sacred music? what shall we consider proper and what improper church music?

In this, as in almost all other questions, it is possible for us to accept a half truth; it is possible to fail in this, in getting a right viewpoint. Things answer largely to any standpoint. A great deal depends on the way we look at things. The Ephesian brethren were commended by the apostles, to be "filled with the Spirit, speaking one to another, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with their hearts unto the Lord." Not speaking one to another in psalms, alone, nor in hymns, stately and devotional, nor yet in spiritual songs. No one of these constitutes proper church music. The chanting of psalms is a beautiful and appropriate form of acceptable worship. The rendering of stately and dignified hymns, anthems and spiritual songs constitutes a no less acceptable worship of God in his house. It is the combination of all these forms which properly constitute the service of sacred song.

Church music, to be ideal, embraces both the instrumental and vocal expression. The use of instruments in church music is not something new. It has been, and is still, looked upon with jealousy, and regarded with suspicion; but from very early times, even until now, we can detect, in the worship offered to God in his temple, the subdued, softened notes of the harp and other stringed instruments. We can hear the resonant, triumphant, martial note of the cornet and the almost human expression of the organ. These have been legitimately laid under tribute to the honor of the Lord God, and have mingled their voices with and augmented the voices of the worshippers, who worship in song a Spirit, in spirit and in truth."

Early in the fifth century organs were used in the churches. In the fourth century Ambrose introduced the responsive chant into the Western church, while it is believed to have been introduced into the Eastern church as early as the middle of the second century by St. Ignatius. We have come in this day to look upon the best church music as uniting in itself both the vocal and the instrumental form. We have come to realize that the ideal service is that in which the best music finds an equal

place with the spoken Truth. We have learned to know that that worship only is ideal where the one supplements and strengthens the other. The largest place accorded the worship of God in song by any religious system is that place accorded it by any holy Christianity. It is pre-eminently a religion of song, of the best music. The Christian church, therefore, is pre-eminently a musical church; and no local church, which is thus true and loyal to the spirit of its Lord and Master is ever any other than a "church for the times." Such a church will ever retain a firm hold upon men.

Give to any community the manly, rational, vigorous gospel of Jesus Christ and a church whose membership is a musical one, and the kingdom of God will flourish in such community. No singing, musical church is ever an indifferent church. Congregational music, as well as that which is furnished by the choir, should not only be correct, but spirited and soulful as well. The worshipers in the pews, possess souls as truly as the worshipers in the choir, and the ideal church music is congregational. When the morning and evening anthem, now rendered solely by the choir, shall be rendered by the congregation (perhaps led by the choir), we shall behold music accorded its proper place in the services of the Lord's house. This need not abolish the services of a trained volunteer or paid choir, but will increase and deepen the interest of the entire congregation in good music, and enable it to properly interpret and render its service of song.

The Dalles, Oregon.

What Is the Worst Thing a Person Can Do ?

GEO. E. ATKINSON.

The other week in my reading I came across this sentence, "The worst man I ever knew." What could the man have done that that was true of him? I determined to ask others for their answers. In other words, to preach a sermon on that subject and to get my material from my people. So I asked different ones whom I met, "What, in your estimation, is the worst thing a person can do? All things considered, all relationships of life, what is the worst possible thing?" I received answers from every class represented in the city: the ladies, jewelers, bankers, doctors, druggists, merchants in every department of business, saloon keepers, gamblers, liverymen, millers, farmers, clerks, harvest hands, railroad men—engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen and hostlers. (This is a railroad division point.) Some treated the request as a joke, but most of them took it in the spirit in which it was asked. In my sermon I gave only the answers, not telling who gave them. The answers were as follows: Murder, 15; suicide, 8; immorality, 5; rape and murder, 14; misrepresent others,

5; scatter scandal, 5; liar, 8; betray trust, 6; drunkard, 7; greed for wealth, 3; selfishness, 4; worry, 2; use your influence wrongly, 2; do nothing, 3; hypocrite, 2; give up the struggle, 2; be without an aim, 2; curse his Creator, 3; unfit yourself for life, 3; ingratitude to parents, 2; break the first commandment, 3; neglect your soul's salvation, 10.

Some of the answers surprised me greatly. Fully half of those giving the answer last noted above were those not usually suspected of having serious thoughts about life. Nothing in their actions would imply that their souls' welfare ever entered their mind. One man said he wanted more time to think the matter over, and when I saw him next, two days later, he said, "Parson, the worst thing a fellow can do is to neglect his soul." Rough devil-may-care sort of a man, but one of the best men on the division. That question through God's spirit had forced him to think seriously for the once. It showed me very clearly that we cannot judge others in a hasty manner. The most less and careless have serious thoughts about life and eternity, and are willing to talk about it if we can but find an entrance to their confidence. This method I found very helpful. By asking every one, no one could take exception, and it opened the way for two personal conversations; one when I asked the question; again when we talked the sermon over. And they turned out well to hear it, too. I found them all willing, and the roughest of them courteous.

I also discovered, much to my surprise, how much, or how little, my people had thought about these more serious problems of life; their duties and their hopes for eternity. As a result I shall change my course of sermon subjects to meet the needs of the field as I find them.

This plan I have found exceedingly helpful in many ways. I pass it on for what it may be worth to others. It is not a new idea, but like a good many old ideas it is a very helpful one if used rightly.

Tekoa, Wash.

In looking at the stars through a great telescope, it is necessary first to put out every light until you are left in total darkness. Every light sets the air in motion, and disturbs the focus, and blurs the vision of the stars. How often our vision of God is blurred and dimmed by the flames of self-consciousness and sordidness that float around us! How many times we have put out the light of self-seeking, earthly ambition and false pride of position in order to look upward, and in the clear, still air to know whither God's lights are leading us, and what God will have us to do!—Rev. W. H. Faunce.

Scriptural Interpretation.

E. WOODWARD BROWN.

The foundation of Christian experience and Christian theology is largely not in philosophy, not in mystic intention or feeling, but in the Bible rationally interpreted and intelligently understood. Hence no question connected with religion is more important than that of Scripture interpretation, passage by passage, sentence by sentence, word by word. There is a difficulty and a danger in trying to find just what the Word of God means. And yet all depends upon this.

In interpreting we are to use judgment. Scripture itself says in Samuel: "I may reason with you before the Lord"; in Isaiah, "Come and let us reason together, saith the Lord"; in the Acts we find such expressions as "reasoned by righteousness" and "reasoned with them out of the Scriptures." The meaning of the Bible is to be gotten at just as we would get at the meaning of any other book. There is a grammatical interpretation to be attended to, for the Bible is written according to the rules of grammar. There is a rhetorical interpretation to be attended to, for the Bible is written according to the rules of rhetoric. In general, passages of Scripture must not be used as though they were isolated texts, like proverbs. We are to look at the context. We are to study the writer's scope, his point of view, his literary style, and his position in the formation of Scripture, whether earlier or later. To take the texts alone and interpret them is to misrepresent the Bible. Seemingly this has been done in days gone by in proving this and that. Thoughtful men have made a great revision of proof texts. We are also to take into account the circumstances in which each writer wrote, the situation and character of his land and people and times.

Yet, after all, the Bible is to be spiritually interpreted. The Holy Spirit is to verify it to the mind and heart, is to authenticate it by an illumination and by assisting in experiences that carry out its statements as true. Right here, with the great difficulty of learning the precise meaning of every paragraph, sentence and word, the Roman Catholic Church comes in and says that the church and only the church can make a surely accurate, an infallible interpretation—that is, the Holy Ghost speaks in the consensus of opinion of the body of believers. And right here the Protestant church comes in and says that the individual can make a surely accurate, an infallible interpretation; that the Holy Ghost speaks in him. So the Catholic church deals with the Bible only as annotated and explained by the church, feels that only this is practically the genuine Word of God.

Palo Alto.

An Address by a Christian Chinaman.

At the recent meeting of the American Missionary Association at Springfield, Mass., Chau Kew of New York spoke as follows:

"I consider it to be a great privilege and high honor to be permitted to speak a few words before this assembly of illustrious men and women—men and women with large hearts and unprejudiced minds, sacrificing wealth, time, and personal happiness for the development and transformation of the character of others. You have a grand opportunity to pursue your object, as there are about 120,000 Chinese within the boundary of America, besides other races waiting to be transformed. Like veteran manufacturers with keen business calculation, you may want to know what your sacrifice will amount to. If you please, permit me to tell how I left the altar of the temples and ascended upon the platform of the gospel missions.

"I was born in a heathen country and lived there fifteen years. Being a young child like any other young child you are acquainted with, in those years, I had no will of my own to shape my life, but was largely influenced by surroundings. This is particularly so with the Chinese as you know that they are imitative. There was nothing for me to learn except idolatry and superstitions; therefore, I became a believer in them at a very early age, and, in that belief I was most earnest and devout. Although I was taught to recite the words of Confucius for eight years, and to use his expressions for subjects in writing essays, never was I taught to follow him as a leader of a religion, but to respect him only as a sage. In China the sageship commands higher respect than leadership. That seems to be contrary to American ideas which praise the leader of this and that state, the leader of this and that party, and leave the sages under cover. I can prove that by what I recently saw that General Grant polled more votes for a place in the hall of fame than any other man, not because he was a sage but because he was a leader.

"This first period of my life was bad indeed, but not the worst. When you know the next snare I fell into, you will be shocked as if you were struck by a thunderbolt. Driven by high aspiration, I became an adventurer and arrived at the American shore. Though under the control of no one, I was pretty, industrious and made money, but spent it at will. The trouble was that I had too much freedom and consequently, while in Sacramento, was led by covetousness into evil, which I had been warned to shun by parents. I disobeyed the precepts of my parents and incurred disgrace. And as a lamb without a shepherd wanders over a new forest exposed to the prey of wild beasts, so did I, without a guardian, drifting in a strange

land, become a victim to vice. For five months I was its captive as I was a constant patron of gambling dens where I hung day and night until my wages were transported to some deposit vault other than my own. In that getting-rich-quick business, I must have lost two hundred dollars altogether, besides impairing my health to a great extent. Then I suddenly took a turn and quit those infernals and sought better resorts. The infernal inmates tried hard to get me back, but failed to do so. Then they said that they had lost a spring chicken and appeared to be in deep sorrow.

"Walking along the street one day I discovered a guide-post. It read as follows: 'The Congregational school.' I gazed at it and asked what school is this? I went in and found that it was a mission school teaching English which I desired to learn. From that day on, the mist was dispelled; I found the path of righteousness, in which God has led me to walk with his divine hand. I attended this school and began to study the words of God there and learned to commune with him, and invited my friends to come there also, and many of them accepted the invitation and became fine Christian men. Seeing me making this change, many of my former gambling mates laughed at me, and said that I could not remain in the mission more than six months. They were very much mistaken in their supposition, for I have been in connection with it nearly three times six years.

"Knowing the condition of many young men who were in the same entanglement I was, I offered myself to God, hoping that if my service were acceptable to him, I might be the means to save some of them. My prayer was heard, and the summons came, and I was urged to start in haste to the rescue work. On account of my youth I hesitated, and did not obey the first summons. Five months later the call came again, and I was told not to think of the responsibility and the ability required for the work, but remembering God's promise, and rely on his words, I went as a missionary helper to some small mission fields where I got along nicely. But soon after, I was ordered to a larger one at Oakland. Here, owing to my youth, short experience and scanty education, I met with embarrassment. This embarrassment did not discourage me, but spurred me on. I determined to overcome the difficulties and qualified myself for the post. Thus, after taking from my small salary for the cost of necessary sustenance, I used the remainder to buy books, getting up at four a. m. and sitting up to twelve p. m. to study. You may think that I am a disciple of President William Harper of Chicago university in this respect.

"A little later I felt that a good knowledge of the English language would be of great help

to my work, and began to make plans to get it. To save money was my first move. Therefore I did my own laundrying and cooked my own scanty meals, which consisted of 'three cents' worth of rice, and two cents' worth of salt fish. Each meal cost five cents and an average cost of fifteen cents a day. In this you see I am thirteen years ahead of President Harper in practising domestic economy. While diligently seeking for an institution, the divine hand guided me to D. L. Moody's Mt. Hermon school, in which institution I received my most valuable religious and secular training.

"Emerging from Hermon, I went to New York city. There I took up the same work again in the Baptist Morning Star mission, in three numbers raising the number of attendants from seventy-five to one hundred and ten, and with Miss Helen F. Clark, I organized that mission in regular order, and on good working basis. I went to Boston where I found a Chinese Christian Home deserted, owing much back rent, and the Sunday gospel meetings suspended for months. With the assistance of Brother Fong Lock, a Christian man from California, and of two or three others in the city, meetings were held with a small attendance of five or six persons, until it was increased to nearly a hundred. The interest in this home was revived and a regular organization was formed and the home has been flourishing ever since. From thence I was called to Brooklyn, where I am today and still "in my Father's business." Three of our Brooklyn converts have just returned from a visit to China; there their faith was put to a test, and was found true and solid as gold.

"Oh, how sinful I was in my early life, and how happy I am today! Only ten years ago I learned that the Congregational Chinese mission in California was under the auspices of the American Missionary association, and ever since I feel grateful to its officers and its supporters to whom I owe my salvation. Is there any report of its work more satisfactory than a living man who has been saved through its agency coming to tell his own story?

"Ladies and gentlemen, there are still thousands more such stories you are to hear from yet. Though we are heathens by birth, yet we can become the enthusiastic Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, or the shouting Salvation Armyists, for there are associates of my boyhood affiliated with all these denominations and loyal to them."

Build your nest upon no tree here; for ye see God hath sold the forest to death; and every tree, whereupon we would rest, is ready to be cut down, to the end that we might flee and mount up, and build upon the Rock, and dwell in the holes of the Rock.—Rutherford.

Notes on a Trip to the Mother Country.

By Prof. F. H. Foster.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

One correction. Types has made me call my "sonsy" Scotch woman "saucy!" I could endure his making "Archdeacon" Manning into an "archbishop," as he did, because it seemed like a good-natured attempt to promote him, and only anticipated the future a little. But this is an injury! That woman "saucy"? Nay, but "sonsy"—good humored, buxom—she was indeed!

We spent three days at each of the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge, including a Sunday. We had no time for profound studies of their methods, life, social, customs, etc.; but we could see their externals pretty well, and this we did.

Oxford has the more ancient appearance. As you enter town by the Magdalen college bridge, and pass this most beautiful of the Oxford colleges, you enter the High street, and go by a succession of college groups that are famous wherever the English tongue is spoken, or the spirit of learning has penetrated. St. Mary's church, with its large tower and lofty spire, is the principal architectural feature of the street. Here all the famous preachers of Oxford have held forth, and here has been the center of every Oxford movement, including, of course, that which Newman led. But many famous colleges are on other streets, such as Christ church, the leading Oxford college, and Balliol, famous for its former master, Jowett, and now equally famous for Caird.

You get no idea of a college, however, by what you can see from the street. Let us enter two of them, and first Christ church, passing under its tower famous for its huge bell, great Tom, into the large quadrangle. All about you on the four sides are dwellings which are occupied by the professors or the students—for a college is the home of the whole college community. In that corner, at your right, is the entrance door of Canon Driver's house, and there you may find him, if you are fortunate enough to have an introduction, as I was, and will be very courteously received, without any formality or distance of manner. Adjoining the quadrangle, but a little back from it, still on the right, rises the fine hall, of perpendicular Gothic, ending in a large, low tower. This is the center of the social life of the college, and here students and fellows dine together every day—out of which companionship, accompanied by the stately ceremony of English manners, comes the finished gentleman which the Oxford graduate almost universally is. The college chapel adjoins the east side of the quadrangle, and strangely enough, it has been selected as the cathedral of the diocese. A worthy cathedral

it is, splendid late Norman below, with perpendicular vaulting. By various entrances you may come into other courts, in one of which is the college library, distinct from the Bodleian, which is the University library, in others of which are new buildings of various sorts; then into the fields and out towards the river. Ample, large, richly furnished for common life and study, it all is. Now, go to Magdalen. You enter the main quadrangle, to find it richer than Christ church, ivy covering the tower, more ornamentation and beauty about the architecture. In one of the quadrangles is an unique feature. A stone pulpit is built out of the wall of the quadrangle. A door opens into it from the building, and a little roof is built out over it. There a man may stand and preach to a multitude gathered below quite comfortably. Back of the buildings you will find large yards, beautifully laid out with trees and lawns, on which often are tennis courts, and, of an afternoon, groups of athletic young men at their exercise. This college adjoins the river, and passing over one branch of it by a bridge, you come out on the edge of a large meadow, around which runs an elevated walk, a portion of which is called Addison's walk, from the famous essayist and poet. Bordered with great trees, shady in the heat of midday, rich in associations, it is a memorable sight. Some of the colleges have their great surprises, as when you go through a narrow street, under bare and blank high stone walls and by stables to the main entrance of New College, but when over you find yourself in gardens of rare beauty and behind buildings of imposing grandeur.

But Congregationalists will never forgive me if I leave Oxford without saying more than I have yet of Mansfield college, our theological school, planted under the shadow of the University and presided over by Principal Fairbairn. It lies on Mansfield Road, due north from New College, and has a fine large piece of ground, enough to double its present buildings, if found necessary, without crowding. The present buildings form three sides of a quadrangle which is open on the fourth. The chapel is early English in its general style, consisting within of a nave with narrow aisles. The arrangement of pulpit and of master's and fellows' seats is academical rather than ecclesiastical. This is upon the east side of the quadrangle. Upon the north side is the "Hall" and the dormitory, a two story building with central tower. As many of the students are undergraduates in other Oxford colleges, they live elsewhere—presumably in these colleges. At the west side are two buildings, one of which contains the lecture halls, and the other is the principal's residence. The morning that I attended a lecture by Dr. Fairbairn, I found an audience of nineteen stu-

dents, in various gowns and ungowned, with six visitors gathered in the beautiful lecture-room. The lecturer sat on the rather elaborate platform, clothed in the master's gown. One American theological graduate at least was in attendance on the course.

I cannot leave Oxford without speaking of Keble college, a college recently founded (1870) in memory of the poet, and intended for students of less pecuniary resources. Its quadrangles are built of brick, and have a very homelike air. Its chapel is gorgeous, and famous for its architectural features. Its library contains Holman Hunt's masterpiece, "The Light of the World." In this vicinity there are several grand new buildings, completed or in process of erection, devoted specially to natural science, and showing the new tendency of Oxford in this direction.

But I have exhausted my space, and must put off Cambridge to another time.

Early Impressions.

The reading habit is a good thing to cultivate in children. It is an important element in the development of character, and the kind of books and papers children are encouraged to read will determine, in a large measure, the sort of character they form. One cannot possibly read good books and papers from early childhood and become a bad man or woman. Nor can one read bad books and papers regularly from youth up and develop into a good man or woman. And to leave books and papers out of child-life entirely is to deny the mind of food which is as essential to intellectual and moral growth as bread to the body. To speak of the reading habit is to say by plain implication that the love of reading is a cultivated taste. A habit is something which is established by practice. The formation of the reading habit begins at a very early age.

Attractive Home for the Aged.

The John Tennant Memorial Home at Pacific Grove is now open and offers in its situation and surroundings special attractions for the class of persons it is designed to accommodate; the salubrious climate and quiet neighborhood just outside the village, surrounded by the pines and near the ocean, together with the appointments of the building, make it a restful home for the aged; terms, \$15 a month, the best rooms \$20, not including laundry and medical attendance; there is no provision as yet for life membership. For further particulars address Rev. Hobart Chetwood, as above.

Meditation leads to conversation. It would be easier for us to "talk of His doings" if we thought more about them.—G. B. Hallock.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....	Mrs. A. P. Peck.
	819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
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	576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
Branch Secretary.....	Mrs. H. E. Jewett.
	2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
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	1722 Geary street, San Francisco.

From China.

The following extracts are from a letter by Dr. W. I. Ament of China, written after the annual meeting of the missionaries, to his wife, who is in this country:

"I have been so driven during this week of meetings and Boxer excitement that I could not find time to write you or any one else. We are still untouched by fiends in human shape, as these Boxers are proving to be. * * * Our Peking field has been badly harried by the enemy and God only knows when our work will ever get into shape again."

"We have had very pleasant meetings this year and I never enjoyed an annual meeting more. Perhaps it is in part because I have had so little to do, being only on the devotional committee and having time to take exercise and think over any opinion I wished to express."

"Every one seems to be in a seraphic state of mind and heart and if the Boxers should sweep us all out of existence I think most of this company would make a triumphant entrance into the better place." * * * "I feel as though we were stronger now than ever before in our history. A new building is needed at Tung Cho and the money is at hand to put it up, only the unsettled condition is against it just now."

"Terrible news comes in from Wang Yeng of the murder of Catholic Christians and the looting of the homes of several of our people. They do not seem to be as incensed against the Protestants as against the Catholics."

"My plan concerning a fifty-cent magazine to be printed in Shanghai has been adopted by the North China tract society and they want me to aid it in preparing news and items from the north." * * *

"We are living in troublous times. I am glad you are spared all this anxiety. Some of the ladies are badly frightened and in fact it looks squally for us all. After killing all Christians the Boxers claim they will finish the foreigners. They number tens of thousands and we could do little against them if once the courage to attack us came upon them. We trust God, who alone can direct in the affairs of men.

There have been so many providential escapes already that we are confident that God is fighting for us. We place ourselves in his hands. Of course, as for myself personally, there would be little difficulty, but I will not leave nor seek safety while the women and children are imperiled."

"We celebrated the Lord's Supper this evening and our hearts and minds were soothed by coming into contact with the pure soul of Christ. The aroma of his life seemed to fill the room and, for the moment, the sounds and tumults of this world were lost in the growing glory of our Christ. We have a refuge here, which no one can invade and we are safe in him."

"Do not be anxious for me nor believe the telegrams, unless you have special reasons to believe them. If we are entrapped as were the missionaries in India in 1857, our way to glory will be speedily opened. It will make little difference whether we go a little earlier or later. God reigns and we can only commit ourselves to his care."

Mrs. Ament wrote to friends in August as follows:

"The two months of suspense have made us review the reasons for missionary work, the value of this gospel we are taking to the Chinese at such cost. And it seems, as always, the only way to solve the problem of life. There is nothing but infinite love expressed in human lives that will make the old China new and roll the weight of misery from her weary millions. The sword is a temporary expedient."

"My anxieties are shared by our son Will, now thirteen years old. He has the strongest hope of seeing his father again, but has been a very quiet boy and done a great deal of thinking these weeks; so many friends besides our nearest are involved, among them the one boy playmate he had in Peking, who could speak English and hurrah for McKinley with him."

Report of Oregon Branch.

The year just past will leave its impress upon history as one of events, but with the Oregon Branch it has been one of lack of events from the financial standpoint. We have our ups and downs. We had our ups last year; everything seemed forward, the societies gave money and seemed eager for information regarding missionary needs. This year knowledge has increased, as to the necessities, but we have not been wise with our manner of giving. Many churches forgot that upon the free giving of last year we pledged \$350 for this year's work, and although we sent out a circular early in the year to that effect, their contributions were given to other worthy objects, to the neglect of the obligations of the Board. I must say that in many cases (like the money raised for Mr. Dickenson), it was

supposed to be credited to the Board. Now we should dislike to leave the impression that nothing should receive attention from Congregational ladies but their own Board; but we do declare that when the Board makes promises founded on previous receipts, that those amounts should be paid first. But complaints are not all we have to make. Many beautiful things enlivened our way.

As a Board we had several very helpful meetings. One very memorable one held at Herrick hall, Forest Grove—a Board meeting in the morning, lunch at noon, at which we were the guests of the esteemed president of the college and his wife, where we met many known in missionary circles. In the afternoon a missionary conference was conducted by Miss Farnham.

The annual rally was held in June, and under the management of Mrs. Eggert was conducted with its usual success. This year we have lost from our midst another missionary worker—Mrs. Mary Jerome.

Last but not least we chronicle the visit of Miss Denton of Japan. The Home and Foreign Boards acted together in the reception of Miss M. F. Denton of Japan. To say that we enjoyed her stay, and should have been glad to have had her with us many days, says little. If in Oregon we could see and hear more of the returned missionaries, I believe it would redound to the glory of God and the increase of missionary zeal.

Mrs. Helen M. Gates, Home Sec.

TREASURER'S REPORT OF OREGON BRANCH.

RECEIPTS, 1899-1900.

Albany, \$5; Astoria, \$1.80; Beaverton, \$2.50; Eugene, \$10; Forest Grove, \$20.80; Greenville, \$1; Hillside, \$3.50; Hillsboro, \$6.80; Hood River, \$5; Portland First church, \$122; Portland Ebenezer, \$1.50; Portland Sunnyside, \$15; Portland Hassalo Street, \$10; Rainier, \$1; The Dalles, \$7.50; Willsburg, \$2.64; Expenses donated by officers, \$6.75; Balance from contributions to Miss Denton's expenses, \$9.13; Balance September 1, 1899, \$10.

SPECIAL OFFERINGS.

Astoria, for school at Chihuahua, \$4; Hood River Famine Relief, \$35; Portland First for Rev. J. H. Dickson, \$20; Portland Hassalo Street, for Rev. J. H. Dickson, \$10; Salem First, Famine Relief, \$10.

Total receipts, \$320.92.

DISTRIBUTEMENTS

To Rev. J. H. Dickson, \$30; To Rev. J. D. Eaton for Chihuahua, \$4; to Famine Relief, \$45; Postage, printing, etc, \$10.75; Remitted treasurer W. B. M. P., \$231.17.

Total Disbursements, \$320.90.

Mrs. G. O. Jefferson, Treasurer.

None need to be without some gracious ministry.

The Sunday-School.

The Ten Lepers Cleansed. (Luke xvii: 11-19.)

Lesson VII, November, 18, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Be ye thankful." (Col. iii: 15.)

1. The command. "Go show yourselves unto the priests." Jesus did not "come to destroy the law * but to fulfill" it. (Matt. v: 17). Chas. R. Brown says: "So far as He might without compromise he built his work on the old regime. Healing the leper he fulfilled even the formal righteousness. He said to the leper, 'Go get your certificate of health. Ask the priests to note officially the fact that you are well.'"

2. The compliance. "As they went they were cleansed." Mrs. Brodie says: "In the person of our Lord, the law of cleansing for the leper was being literally fulfilled; and as these men obeyed his word, they drew forth from him that which he had come to do. Obedience is the pathway to cleansing, to blessing. You must obey whether it be pleasant or not, whether it promises good or evil, whether you understand or not. Go shew thyself to the priest. Go wash in Jordan seven times. Thou shalt return cleansed from thy leprosy (II Kings v: 14). Stretch out thine hand over the sea. The waters shall divide (Ex. xiv: 16, 21). Take ye away the stone. Lazarus shall come forth (Jno. xi: 39, 44). Fill the water pots with water. There shall be wine for the feast (Jno. ii: 7, 8). Give ye them to eat. The multitude will be fed (Luke ix: 13). Cast the net on the right side of the ship. You will scarcely be able to draw it for the multitude of the fishes (Jno. xxi: 6). T. Adolphus Trollope tells an incident of his boyhood, the importance of prompt obedience. He, his mother and some friends were returning one day from a ramble in the country. Crossing some fields they came to a steep, grassy declivity, down which Tom and a little playmate ran hand in hand. "Stop, Tom!" called his mother suddenly. He halted quickly, obediently, and brought his little companion also to a full stop. His mother and her friend followed in the line in which the children had been running, and in a few rods in front of where they had stopped, discovered a disused, open, unfenced well. The mother was not acquainted with the country, but knew nothing of the open well; but a Providential impulse led her to call, "Stop, Tom!" The boy's prompt obedience saved his life and that of his little companion.

"Were not the ten cleansed? but where are the nine? Were there none found that returned to give glory to God, save the stranger?" (vs. 17, 18, R. V.) The one thought of Jesus was the glory of God. He noted that ten were recipients of the grace of God, but only

one cared for the glory of God. Ten had faith enough to pray and be healed of the plague; only one had "the beautiful grace of gratitude."

God glorified. One healed, turned back, and with a loud voice "glorified God" (v. 15). It is not enough to be grateful, the redeemed of the Lord should say so (Ps. cvii: 2). The mouth should speak what the heart feels (Rom. x: 9, 10). Let us be gracious as well as good; grateful as well as faithful. "Whoso offereth praise glorifies * God" (Ps. 1: 23).

Christ gladdened. "Fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks" (v. 16). "Mother," said a little girl, "I gave a poor beggar child a drink of water and a slice of bread, and she said, 'Thank you,' to me so beautifully, and it made me so glad I shall never forget it."

Dr. George F. Shrady, New York, the eminent surgeon, recreating in the country, one day, saw a sickly-looking boy about eight years of age resting by the roadside. Near the child was a sweet-faced old lady, whom the lad called "Granny." The child touched his cap politely to the doctor, and his little wan face lit up at the kindly answer of the good man. Afterward the doctor was told that an old lady and a little boy wished to see him. "I could do nothing to stop his coming," said the woman. "He says over an' over, since the day he saw you, that you can make him well like other boys. He gives me no peace, night or day, an' so I have taken the liberty of bringing him to you to cure." "The faith of the old lady and her little grandchild was so touching," said the doctor, "I resolved to do my best, and in time the youngster was running about, strong and well as his companions." A year or so afterward on Thanksgiving Day, a home-made box was delivered by express at Dr. Shrady's home in New York City. The box contained a turkey, and a little note written in a boyish hand: "dear doctor this is from the boy what you made well. i know the turkey is young and tender for i raised him myself." "I have often received munificent fees from grateful patients," said the doctor, "but I was never more touched by a gift than when the little country chap's turkey in the rough little box, with the words 'Express all pade' written on every side, was delivered to me."—S. C. Lesson Illustrations.

GOLDEN TEXT ILLUSTRATED

An eminent English clergyman once preached in Phillips Brooks' church in Boston, and in attempting to return to his stopping place, became confused in the unfamiliar streets. Turning to a gentleman behind him, he asked to be directed to the house.

"It is the preacher, is it not?" answered the person addressed. "I knew you by your voice, for I was in the church and heard your sermon. I am blind, but I can take you home."

At first the minister protested against troubling a blind man, but his objections were overruled. "Surely," said his new acquaintance, "you will not refuse me the pleasure of conducting you. Every one is kind to me, and it is seldom I have an opportunity to render any service."

So the two men, arm in arm, went on together. The clergyman afterward said the best sermon he ever heard in his life was given in his charming talk by this blind man. It was simply the story of a man blind from his birth, whose face was shining with contentment and peace, and whose heart was overflowing with a sense of his mercies and blessings. Words seemed all too weak to express the thankful emotions of his soul. His parents had sent him to a school for the blind, where he had been taught to read by raised letters, and they had also left him a small income which sufficed for his simple wants. He lived alone, but could go about the streets of the city without a guide. He was even thankful for having been born blind, because this gave him so much leisure for quiet thought. With illumined countenance he said, his sightless eyes looking upward, "There will be time enough in heaven for me to see everything."

It was a lesson the clergyman never forgot. Ever after, in his memory, was the vision of the blind man, amid all his limitations, the most truly thankful soul he had ever met. Sophie Bronson Titterton, in the S. S. Lesson Illustrator.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. R. Goodell.

What Intemperance Costs Our Nation.
(Prov. xxiii: 1-7; 15-21.)

Topic for November 15th.

QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Statistical temperance reform needs to be handled with caution. Even those temperance charts which are lurid with figures, faces and fire, seem to have failed to impress people as they ought to have done. We talk of the billion dollar drink-bill of the United States; and we portray the procession of seventy-five thousand drunkards buried each year in this nation. We start at New York and march the saloons side by side, just as a boy plays with his blocks, to see how far the line would reach across the continent or around the world. Then we compute how much bread or clothing or travel could be had for the amount expended upon intoxicating liquors. All this is startling and terrible. We cannot successfully deny, if we would, the substantial accuracy of the recital. But for some reason we are not greatly moved to action by this long array of what we call heart-rending facts.

It still remains apparent that truth in lump sums is not very effective. It is not much use to pour out Niagara to a thirsty man who has only his pint cup to catch the water. Such would be the consequences that he might prefer to remain thirsty. Even the temperance editor of the Proverbs had not been struck with the craze for statistics. We ought to be profoundly thankful that he was not. If he had been, even to the extent that Daniel and the writer of the Revelation used figures, we might be in much worse confusion than those who try to forecast the termination of worldly affairs by reference to prophetic numbers. It seemed wiser to this early observer of human conduct to meet the dangers of intemperance by calling attention to three decisive factors of safety in this matter. Taking this entire chapter, as should be done, instead of using it in mere patches, his emphasis is placed upon early training, the influence of association and careful regard for parental instruction. It is safe to say that if these three avenues of influence upon the young mind were properly guarded, even in Christian families, along the lines of an abstemious life, intemperance would receive a blow that would ultimately prove fatal.

* * *

Now it would scarcely make any difference with our duty to abolish the saloon, or to keep ourselves pure, or to be total abstainers for the sake of our influence over others, especially the young and those peculiarly exposed, if it could be shown that the liquor traffic is a great promoter of business, and that mints of money were annually added by it to our national treasury. If the use of intoxicating beverages could make every drinker into a man of wealth, it would be no argument in favor of the indulgence. If saloons could double the population of a city or town every year, and quadruple its revenues in the same period, it would be no sound reason against their entire extinction. If the moral effect of drinking is bad; if the habit works against purity and uprightness and high ideals of our relation to man and to God, then there is no good in it and no right-thinking man can properly advocate or defend either the traffic or the habit. Nothing is more fatal than the subtle iniquity of pitting material profit against moral possibilities. Whoever does that arrays himself against that arousing interrogation of the Lord: "WHAT doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life? For what should a man give in exchange for his life?" And life here does not mean mere physical existence.

* * *

This is one of the costs to this nation of tolerating within our borders this traffic in intoxicants. We are constantly debating its value

to business and enterprise and growth. It would help the cause of temperance almost beyond computation if the moral sense of the public could be lifted to a plane where it could have the conviction of the evil of offsetting moral dangers in the community by monetary gains. Any region would better have a hundred less houses than to have a dozen characters corrupted and lives ruined by the presence of all the business a whole street full of saloons could introduce. We may modify, but we can never overcome the selling of liquor as a business or the use of intoxicants as a beverage, until we go down to deeper principles in our discussion and to a sounder basis for our motive.

* * *

What we need in all reforms, and most surely in the effort to drive intemperance from society, is a revival of the sense of the wickedness of evil. The world that controls such matters does not require to have its complacency disturbed or its fear of suffering some less aroused, so much as it needs to hear the ring of truth in such forms and such modes of presentation as will thrill its conscience and set all its moral nature trembling. Of certain forms of evil Jesus Christ sent this unmistakable message, "Which I also hate." We ought to hate whatever our Lord hates, just as surely as we love the things that he loves. Not as a prudence or a policy but as a principle, we need a revival of a moral hate.

Literature of the Day.

Book Notices.

"The Gist of the Lesson," by R. A. Torrey, published by the Revell Company of Chicago, for 25 cents, is something that all students of the Sunday-school lesson for 1901 should have. It is a concise exposition of the International lessons; vest pocket size. We know of one superintendent who gave a copy last year to each one of his teachers, much to their delight. They all will have another this year.

"Illustrative Notes." By Rev. T. B. Neely, D.D., LL.D., and R. R. Doherty, Ph.D. This is one of the best guides to the study of the International Sunday-school lessons for 1901. There are original and selected comments, illustrative stories, practical applications, notes on Eastern life, library references, maps, pictures and diagrams; 392 pages in all. Eaton & Mains, N. Y. Also, 1037 Market street, San Francisco; postpaid, \$1.

"How to Pray." By R. A. Torrey of Moody's Institute, Chicago. Just such a book as we should expect from the author, a man who speaks from personal knowledge of the blessing of prayer to the servant of God, es-

pecially to him who daily seeks to win a lost soul to Christ. The book is helpful, suggestive, and thoroughly practical and must be of great help to him who finds it difficult to come into real spiritual union with God. It is a book for laity and clergy alike. It would be a blessing to every Endeavorer who could possess it. Only 50 cents. Published by Fleming H. Revell, Chicago.

"Ginsey Kreider." By Huldah Herrick. A story of mountain life, of Kentucky border feuds with the always present crime, retaliation and consequent suffering of the innocent and helpless. Also of an awakened conscience, the gift of the Spirit and the gradual uplifting of hearts and lives by the teaching of the Word and the power and love of God, and of peaceful and glorious lives dedicated to the cause of Christ and the redemption of the human race. The story is told in the dialect of the locality described in language amusing, pathetic and grand, and from a heart evidently touched as with "a coal from off the altar." Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago.

"So," the Gospel in a Monosyllable." By Rev. Geo. A. Lofton, D.D. This is a very peculiar title to a very strong book upon the theme, "Christ and Him Crucified," found in the text John iii: 16. The author believes that "the philosophy of the plan of the gospel of redemption lies in the logic of a Crucified Redeemer for a lost sinner." It is the old, old story retouched with the freshest and newest thought of the hour. It is well worth its price to any minister, especially to the young theologian, clear in style, positive in character, and rich in scriptural quotations. It may well claim room in our library. Published by Fleming H. Revell, Chicago. Price, \$1.25.

"China's Only Hope." It is said that the publication of this book in China some months ago contributed largely in bringing on the recent attacks upon foreigners in that country. This translation from the Chinese is accordingly attracting considerable attention in this and other countries at this time. Chang Chih-Tung, the viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan, a man of scholarship, devoted to the good of the people under his charge and to the well-being of the empire, set forth in this volume what he regarded as essential for the preservation of the empire. The hope for the future of his country is rested on the renaissance of Confucianism and the adoption of Western science and methods. The book had wide circulation in China. The discussion presented information to many as to the aggressions of the foreigners and the dangers confronting China, and though not so intended it doubtless had prominent part in bringing on the uprising against the foreigners. F. H. Revell Co., Chicago. 75 cents.

"The Supreme Leader." By F. B. Denio, D.D., Professor in Bangor Theological Seminary. This is a thorough and able study of the nature and work of the Holy Spirit. It fills up to considerable extent what has long been a lack in this part of our Christian literature. There is first considered the Biblical teaching respecting the Spirit of God—in the Old Testament, in intermediate literature, and then in the New Testament. The second study relates to what Christians have learned from thought and experience; the third to the work and person of the Holy Spirit; the fourth to the Holy Spirit and Christian life and service. The author says in the preface: "We need not ascend to heaven to bring the Spirit down, nor descend into the abyss to bring him up. He is nigh in Scripture, still giving it life, and yet more, he is in all human life and relations, giving them all the power and value which they have. A special reason for writing this volume lies in the fact that the Spirit's leadership is often connected with only a few striking forms of evangelistic work. It is hoped that souls who have been led to regard the 'power' of an evangelist as the one desirable form of the Spirit's leadership may come to see how many other gifts come from him, and that they may see that other and desirable gifts are actually in their hands waiting to be used." The Pilgrim Press of Boston and Chicago publish this valuable study in attractive form for \$1.25.

"Recollections of a Lifetime." By General Roeliff Brinkerhoff. No book that has come into our hands during the year has been read with more interest than this. General Brinkerhoff's life has been an eventful one. He begins with his boyhood and leads us on down through his career as a lawyer and editor, his experiences during the Civil war, and in more recent years in connection with the work of the Ohio State Board of Charities and the National Prison Association. General Brinkerhoff has helped to make the history of the last half-century, and packed into this narrative is a great deal of valuable information. It is worthy of note that General Brinkerhoff's life has counted not only for much that is enduring in the achievements in things secular, but in things religious as well. All his life he has been an earnest working Christian. He is at present a member of the First Congregational church of Mansfield, Ohio. This volume of 50 pages is published by the Robert Clarke Company of Cincinnati, and may be had, post-paid, for \$2.

Magazines.

Apart from interesting fiction the Century for November is rich in valuable articles. Three impressing us most favorably are the articles on Daniel Webster, the Philippines,

and the New York Zoological Park. The one on Webster is the first in a series by John Bach McMaster; that on the Philippines is the second by Bishop Potter. The illustrations in this number are beautiful and abundant.

St. Nicholas is pre-eminently the magazine for the young folks. The November number attractive and interesting throughout. Parents who place this magazine in the hands of their children will make no mistake.

The American Monthly Review of Reviews for November has among its leading articles a full account of the inception and purpose of the Hall of Fame for eminent Americans, by Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, with portraits of the twenty-nine distinguished Americans just selected as worthy of commemoration in this unique edifice; an article on "Political Beginnings in Porto Rico," by John Finley of Princeton University; an account of the Negro exhibit at the Paris Exposition, by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois; also a study of a recent rapid development of "trusts" in England, by Robert Donald.

The new magazine called The World's Work will undoubtedly at once take rank among the best of the monthly publications. It is a first-hand magazine, dealing with the vital questions of present-day interest in a thoughtful and incisive way. In its announcement it is said: "Besides many special articles there will be each month a history and explanation of significant happenings; and further, a department under the head of 'Among the World's Workers,' which will tell the busy man in concise fashion the new advances and tendencies in the various branches of business and professional endeavor." It is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. of New York, for 25 cents a number.

The wonderful story of the Banza Mante church in Central Africa, which is thrillingly told by Rev. Henry Richards in the November number of the Missionary Review of the World, is well worthy of a place among the modern Miracles of Missions. Mr. Richards labored in Africa for seven years before there was a convert; he tells the story of how the first men were brought to Christ and how multitudes have since been converted and have worked to save their fellow countrymen. "Mission Work Among the Jews" is described and strongly advocated by the editor-in-chief, Dr. Pierson; the doings of "The Boxers in Manchuria" are told by Rev. John Ross, of Mukden; "Problems of Modern Medical Missions" are discussed by Dr. Erenst W. Gurney Masterman of Syria; Rev. O. L. Gulick writes on "The Mission of Hawaii"; Dr. Arthur J. Brown treats of "Our Future Missionary Policy in China" in a paper telling of the notable Conference in New York last month.

The Home.

Confidences with Mother.

BY SUSAN TRALL PERRY IN ZION'S HERALD.

He was a shy little fellow, quite undemonstrative in his nature. But he had a secret in his little heart—a secret which he wished to share with the dearly loved mother.

The mother was sitting by the window with her sewing basket at her side. She was darning a hole in the knee of the shy little fellow's stocking. The boy edged up to his mother with an important look on his face, as if he were to divulge something of great importance, as he whispered:

"Mamma, I wish to tell you a great secret, but I wish you to promise never to tell it—not even to papa, or Leslie, or Kate, will you?"

"Most certainly, my dear, I will promise never to tell my little boy's secret. What is it?"

The boy bent down lower and whispered in his mother's ear:

"Marjorie Greenough is my sweetheart. Now don't you ever tell!"

The boy's finger was held up as a sign of guarantee for his mother, and with his face covered with blushes that he had been so communicative, he looked up into his mother's face. A smile was on it as she said: "Marjorie is a sweet little girl."

The boy had confided to his mother what to him was a sacred secret; it was in her keeping. Mother would know, of course, and mother liked Marjorie. With a happy heart he went off to his play.

Two hours later he came back to his mother in tears, and in broken tones exclaimed:

"You told, mamma, you told, and you promised you would not! Kate has told Leslie and the boys, and they have been laughing at me!"

"Why, what do you mean, my child? I did not tell Kate a word. I promised I would not."

"No, but you told Aunt Helen when she came to see you this afternoon, and Kate was in the hall and heard you, and she said you and Aunt Helen laughed. O mamma, I did not think you would, after you promised! I will never tell you any of my secrets again!"

What could that mother say? To her the little fellow's secret was a trivial affair—a cause for a smile and a little merriment with Aunt Helen—but nevertheless her promise was sacredly given to the child.

Ah! it is often the case that children are kept from confidences with mother for just such reasons. A promise given to a child should be as sacred as that to grown persons. One may say that such affairs are not of much moment beside weightier ones that come up every day, but they are.

The little fellow's secret was one of great importance to him. The telling of it to mother

required a long deciding, but mother would never make a promise and break it. The secret was safe with mother, and so he told her. There is nothing so helpful to children as confidence in their mothers. The knowledge that they can go to them with their troubles and joys and talk them over, getting wisdom and good counsel regarding them, has proved a safeguard to many a child. The mother spoken of above not only broke her promise, but exposed her child to ridicule, which with his sensitive nature was more than he could bear.

The wise mother encourages her children's confidences by not treating lightly the subjects which to them are matters of weight. It can hardly seem credible, but hearing with one's own ears establishes the proof of one mother's dishonorableness: A little girl had told her mother something in strict confidence. The mother not long afterward entertained some guests at the table with what had been told her. The girl came in and heard her mother's last words on the matter. Her face showed the greatest astonishment at her mother's dishonorable action, and she exclaimed, in an injured tone of voice: "Why, mother, what did you tell that for? You promised me sacredly you would not tell it, and you have broken your promise!" The weak mother made the matter still worse by trying to clear herself, in saying: "But I made a mental reservation!" What sort of principle was she inculcating in her child by such a remark as that? * * * There is need for very careful thought on this subject.

Home life is peculiarly sensible to the influences within. The sensitiveness of the home hearts makes it all the more important that the mother should be very careful what she does or says. Encourage the children with little confidential talks, for the time is not far distant when the boy and the girl will need a close, intimate counselor in the wiser mother.

Such intimacies in mother and children are beautiful to see. The grown-up son and the grown-up daughter will not go wrong if they have been brought up to have close confidences with mother and have learned that trusts reposed in her are sacred ones.

Being Honest.

BY EMMA DIETRICH

"Papa, please give me my money," said a little fellow as he stood, cap in hand, ready for Sunday-school.

The father drew a handful of coins from his pocket, and selecting one, handed it to the boy.

"Why, papa?" he exclaimed in delight, "did you mean it? It's a nickel."

"Yes," replied the father with a laugh, "it's a punched one; but nobody'll know the difference in a collection."

The boy stood a moment in thought and then said slowly:

"Don't it make any difference unless folks know?"

"Of course not, you little goose," answered the father; and the boy went to Sunday-school.

A few days later the father said with an air of satisfaction:

"It didn't cost me anything to come up on the train tonight."

"How was that?" asked his wife.

"Oh, the train was full, and before the conductor got to me we came to a station, and he went to see if any one got on, and I slipped ahead into the smoker. Nobody got on there so her didn't come into the smoker again, and I saved my ticket—great scheme, wasn't it?" and father and mother laughed heartily; but a sober face looked up and the boy asked:

"Don't you have to pay unless the conductor asks you?" And again the father answered:

"Of course not, you little goose."

Another day the father came home and told with a chuckle how in paying a small account the man had by accident handed him back the bill he gave in addition to the change required. And our little inquisitor asked:

"Did you keep it, papa?"

And was answered by:

"Sure, it isn't my business to keep accounts for other people; I look out for Number One."

This father is a professing Christian, attends church regularly, and would be amazed and indignant if any one should call him dishonest.

With training like this, is it any wonder the child grew into young manhood with an ingrained conviction that a falsehood undetected was not a sin? But the words of God never fail, and "Be sure your sin will find you out," proved true.

The boy, now a young man, finds that friends and employers alike say, "He's a nice fellow, but he'll bear watching; he doesn't see straight without somebody's eye is on him."

Who is to blame? Do you say, "He is old enough to see for himself and do right?" True; but habits of deceit weaken the will power as well as darken the moral vision, and our young man, though often mortified by detection, only tosses his head and says, "What a fuss about a little thing!" and the parents wonder why their boy can't be trusted. Is it surprising that with training like this in thousands of homes our young men are so often spoken of as, "schemers" and "slippery fellows"? "Honesty is the best policy" may be true enough, but the sentiment is poor foundation for character building. Absolute honesty is the only true principle.

Be honest with God and yourself, and you cannot fail to be honest with the world.—In Christian Work.

The Hygiene of Old Age.

We look upon the aged, with good reason, as having a slender hold upon life, one that may be loosened by a slight shock of injury or disease which, in the young or middle-aged, would serve only as a stimulus to the reparative vital powers.

This is a conservative belief, for it warns us to shield our loved ones, who have fought the fight, from all influences which might shorten their stay with us. But we must not go too far in our solicitude, for injury may be inflicted and life shortened by coddling the old, almost as surely as by coddling the young.

The vital processes in the aged are slow, but they are still existent, and they may be kept active by gentle opposition and stimulation just as they may be increased in childhood and youth by rougher methods.

Reaction is feeble, it is true—and well that it is, for the weakened arteries would with difficulty support the rapid blood-stream and the bounding pulse that follow the cold plunge or the spin on the wheel of the twenty-year-old. But reaction is there, and it must be exercised up to the limit of safety.

One of the dangerous places for the old man is the chimney-corner; its warmth and its restful quiet tempt him to inactivity, and we let him rust away there because we know no better. But we ought to know better. Fresh air and exercise—in moderation, of course—are as essential to the man or woman of eighty or ninety as to the child of eight or nine.

Cool sponging once a day is also a valuable means of maintaining the tone of the body and of overcoming the impulse to sit still and muse.

The old body needs to be warmly clad, for it is sensitive to cold and is unable to manufacture its own heat in the same measure as the younger and more vigorous organism. But with proper clothing, warm but light, there are few days, even in winter, when the old man or woman ought not to walk a mile in the open air and sit for two hours, at least, well wrapped up, in the sun by an open window, or preferably in a sheltered nook out of doors.

This is a rule we should persuade our old folks to adopt. If they will follow it, their days will be brightened, and will not be shortened.

How all along life we find it that they who are the kindest and tenderest and truest, who understand your trouble as by instinct, who minister that understanding, giving it, are they who, because of their own inner experiences, have acquired the gladdening, refreshing strength they bestow, the compensation God gives those who learn to get out of themselves, and feel and live for others.—J. F. W. Ware.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Liscomb Boy's White Heifer.

BY M. B. THRASHER.

"Plague take them turkeys!" said Mrs. Jackson, as she came up onto the back piazza where I was making some trout flies, and sat down on the top step to fan herself with her apron.

"They've gone and run away again, right in the very worst time they could have took, for I've got my oven full of pies now, an' that big pan full of bread that'll go sour if I don't mold it up an' hustle it into the oven as soon as the pies are out. An' by the time I can get started after the turkeys they'll be gone to the land knows where. 'Serves me just right, too, for leavin' my bakin' until afternoon. My mother always said that any one that'd do that was as shif-less as old Tilly Bumps; though who she was I'm sure I don't know. Though so far as leavin' my bakin' today was concerned I had a decent enough excuse for it, for I did want to get all them rosbries done up this forenoon, whilst they was fresh." Here she sprang up and hurried into the kitchen to take out a part of the pies, and turn the others around so they would bake alike on both sides. Coming back to her seat on the doorstep she continued:

"I thought I'd got that old turkey hitched to the hoss-rake so that she couldn't get away, but she managed to slip her foot through the noose some way, an' go trapsein' off with all her young ones after her. Turkeys be the meanest things to take care of anyway, until they're six or eight weeks old. After that they'll take care of themselves, thank goodness! I say every year that I won't be bothered with 'em again, an' I don't believe I would if it wa'n't for wantin' the turkey-wings to dust with; an' you can't buy 'em nowhere now. There ain't nothin' in the world so good to dust with as a turkey-wing; unless it is a goose's, an' as for geese, why, my stars! the worry of raisin' turkeys ain't nothin' to that of raisin' goslings, even if Jonas would have 'em on the farm, which he won't; 'always a trompin' down the grass,' he says. My mother always raised geese, before I was married, though, an' I declare, from the time the eggs was laid, in the spring, an' wropped up in cotton battin' so as not to git chilled, an' then toted down cellar every time it thundered, so as not to get addled, to the time when she had to draw a stockin' over the old gander's head so he wouldn't bite her when she was a pickin' him, it was just one continual wrastle with 'em all of the time. Goodness! though, this won't do for me, with all that bread to mold up!" and she hurried into the kitchen.

I had been trying to find a chance to say that I would go and see if I could find the missing turkeys, and now I followed her into the house

to offer my services for that purpose.

"Oh, that'd be puttin' you to too much trouble," she said, stopping with her hands covered with flour. "Besides, I don't believe you could find 'em, anyway. Turkeys is awful cute." I said I was willing to try.

"We'll, if you really had just as lief go as not, it would be a real favor. Jonas has gone off after a cow, an' I can't go, an' if they stay out all night now, the foxes is sure to git some of 'em. You better look in the pasture, up towards the Liscomb place. They'll be sure to strike for the high ground."

So I put up my flies and started up the lane which led to the pasture, going slowly, for it was still hot. This was the third summer I had spent at the Jackson farmhouse, and each year, as I became better acquainted with the farmer and his wife, and with the surrounding country, I was better pleased with the location. The Jacksons did not make a practice of taking summer boarders—in fact I came there quite by accident—so I had the place all to myself. There was excellent fishing, for trout in some brooks and a pond near, and for bass and pickerel in the lake just below, while if I tired of this and wished to write, or merely rest, I could always do so, for, talker as she was, Mrs. Jackson had the true New England faculty for keeping still when she thought she ought. Jonas was usually busy about the farm. He was older than his wife, and, like so many farmers, bent by many years of toil. They were good examples of the New England type—honest, careful, hard-working, apparently without a particle of sentiment. The only time I had seen any sign of that in either of them was one day the year previous, when, coming into the hall, I saw the door of the "front room," the typical country parlor, partly open. I was surprised to see Mrs. Jackson in the room, just placing a big bunch of roses, in a glass pitcher, on a table at the end of the room. She seemed a little embarrassed at my finding her thus engaged, and while I was wondering what tremendous event could be impending that the parlor was being decorated like this, she said, pointing to a crayon portrait on the wall just over the table, "Today is his birthday, an' I always put some flowers here. He was real fond of flowers." The portrait was that of their only child, a boy who had died when he was quite young. I had seen the picture many times before, and Mrs. Jackson had told me much about him.

As I went on, up into the pasture, the wonderfully beautiful scene spread out more widely before me. The farm lay on high land east of Lake Memphremagog. The lake, dotted with islands, was just below. In the north were the mountains of Canada. To the south were two busy villages, but they were so far away and the smoke from their factory chim-

neys covered them with so soft a haze that they only added to the beauty of the scene. In the west, across the lake, the range of rugged peaks which form the western part of the Y of the Green mountains extended against a sky already glowing with the colors of the approaching sunset.

As I turned from watching this and climbed to the highest knoll in the pasture I almost stepped upon a boy who had flung himself down upon the soft ferns growing in a little hollow there. His face was hidden in his arms, and he was crying, not loudly, but with dry, hard sobs which racked his whole body. I recognized him as the Liscomb boy, the only child of a widow who lived not far from there. I think he heard me, but he did not look up, and at last I said, "What is the matter? What troubles you so?"

"They've taken away my bossy," he moaned, without lifting his head; "my own, dear, white bossy, that I had raised up from a little calf, that I thought so much of."

"Why, who did that?" I asked. "Why did they take her away?"

He made no answer to this, but a few minutes later, while I still stood looking at him and wondering what I could say to comfort him, he suddenly sat up and faced me, and with eyes shining angrily through his tears, exclaimed, "Why can't you go away and leave me? I don't want you to see me cry. I didn't want anybody to see me cry. I shall be ten years old, tomorrow, and I didn't mean to cry any more. That's why I came up here; and now you've come and found me." With that he threw himself down among the ferns again; and there I left him.

Not far away I found the wandering turkeys. The little ones were running here and there after grasshoppers, while their wise old mother, with slim extended neck and watchful eyes, kept telling them with a mellow "t'cluck" that, so far, all was well. The moment she saw me she sounded a different note, this time one of warning, and in an instant every little drab-colored body lay pressed flat to the ground, and she herself had crouched down with them. It was too late, though, for I had seen her, and soon was driving the entire family back toward the farmhouse.

When I drove the turkeys into the barnyard Mr. Jackson was milking, and I noticed that there was a new cow, a white one, in the herd. At supper I asked him if he had bought the white cow of Mrs. Liscomb, and told about my meeting the boy upon the hill.

"Sho! Now that's too bad," he said. "I'm sorry he took it so to heart. Mis' Liscomb said he thought a powerful sight of that heifer, but she come down her yesterday, an' almost begged me to buy her. She said as how she had some money to

make out today, an' she didn't see no earthly way of raisin' it unless I'd buy that cow. So I took her, though I didn't really want to."

The night which followed that day was oppressively hot. The windows and doors all through the house were left open. I finally threw myself across my bed without trying to go to sleep. The Jacksons were sitting on the verandah. Jonas was tipped back in his chair, and Mrs. Jackson was knitting in the dark, an accomplishment which she had acquired by long years of practice. In the stillness of a country night every sound was distinctly audible. The house had been quiet for some time. Then I heard Mrs. Jackson speak:

"Jonas!"

"What?" rather gruffly.

"Be you asleep?"

"No"; more gruffly still. A little later: "What d'you want?"

There was a pause. Then Mrs. Jackson continued: "Did that little feller take on much when you took the heifer away?"

"Not a bit. I could see, though, that he felt bad; but I guess he's pretty stuffy."

There was a silence longer than before. Then:

"Jonas! If our Andy had lived he'd a been nineteen years old tomorrow."

"Sho! You don't say? Today is the sixteenth, ain't it?"

Another pause.

"Jonas! Do you know, I think I'd like to have you take that heifer back to that little boy, an' give her to him, an' tell him that another little boy sent her to him for a birthday present."

"I couldn't. He'd be gone to bed."

"I know, but you could leave the heifer so he'd find her in the mornin'. It's full moon, now, an' it wouldn't take long to go up there."

"He'd think that she'd got out an' wandered back by herself, an' then his mother'd send him down with her again tomorrow."

"Well, we could write a card, then, an' tie it on to the heifer's horns, an' tell him how it was. There's a piece of box-cover on the bureau that'd do to write it on."

There was silence for two or three minutes, and then: "Wal, if you're so set on it, I s'pose I'd better go. You'll have to write the card, though."

I heard them moving about the house, and after a while the voice of Jonas, again: "What you puttin' on your shaker for? You ain't a goin' too, be you?"

"Yes, Jonas, I want to go. It kinder seems to me as if Andy would know about it."

They went out of the house, and I heard Jonas let down the barnyard bars. From behind the curtains of my room I watched them, the toil-worn man and the stiff, angular woman,

go up the hill in the moonlight, leading the white heifer behind them.

I had been planning to go to a little pond on the upland, early the next morning, and try the flies I had been making, for some trout there. Just after sunrise I was hurrying home, hungry for Mrs. Jackson's breakfast. I came through the pasture where I had found the old turkey the day before, and where, now, the short grass bore hundreds of geometrically perfect, silvery cobwebs, glistening with dew-drops.

I stopped on the very crest of the hill, for a moment, to look at the lake, lying off to the west, half hidden in soft fog clouds. A noise behind me made me turn. Far down the hill a boy was letting down the bars for a white cow to come through into the pasture. After she had entered and he had replaced the bars the boy stood with his face pressed close between the rails looking at her. Suddenly he climbed over the fence and ran up to the cow, which stopped feeding and raised her head to see what was wanted. Throwing both arms around the animal's neck the boy laid his face, for a moment, down against her soft white shoulder. Then, skurrying over the bars again, he went off down the path towards his home, whistling so joyfully that I could hear him even where I stood.

A Dreaded Task.

A task never grows smaller or lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done, and there is an old maxim that teaches us that a thing "once begun is half done."

A farmer friend of mine has a boy of fourteen years, named Billy, who is like a good many other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy, and a cloud immediately over-spreads his mental horizon when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said Mr. H. one day, when I was at the farm, "why don't you go to work on that little patch of potatoes?"

"Aw," whined Billy, "there's so many of them 'taters I'll never get them hoed."

"You won't if you don't begin soon."

"I hate to begin."

"How are you ever going to do the work if you don't begin?"

"Well, I'll begin pretty soon."

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim in a tone indicating great mental distress: "Plague on them old 'taters! It makes me sick to think about them."

"Why do you think about them, then?" I said laughingly.

"I've got to," he replied, dolefully, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you've been distressed about it ever since you got up?"

"Well, I hate to hoe 'taters."

"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"

"Well—I—I" Billy began to grin, took his hoe, and said, "I never thought of that!"

And the potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes.—Golden Days.

The Moral Hero.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life,
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary and broken in heart.
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the flying of day,
With the work of their life all around them, un-pitied, unheeded, alone,
With death sweeping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown,
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, the pean for those who have won.
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel crowned victors who stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pale, knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper;—
"They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within,
Who have held to their faith, unseduced by the prize that the world holds so high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist—to fight, if need be to die."
Speak, History, who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

There is but one thing needful—to know God.

If God give me work to do, I will thank him that he has bestowed upon me a strong arm; if he give me danger to brave, I will bless him that he has not made me without courage; but I will go down on my knees and beseech him to fit me for my task, if he tells me it is only to stand and wait.—Jean Ingelow.

Church News.

Northern California

Berkeley First.—Six persons were received Sunday by letter.

Berkeley North.—Four persons were welcomed to membership Sunday, two on confession.

Soquel.—Sunday two new members were received into the church on confession of faith, by Rev. G. H. Wilbur.

Benicia.—Rev. Francis M. Price was with us over Sunday, October 28th, and in the evening gave an address upon missionary work in the Pacific Islands, which was especially valuable here.

San Jose.—The reports at the recent annual meeting show good conditions in the church. The kingdom Extension Society raised nearly \$600 for missionary enterprises during the year. The Christian Endeavor Society won the county banner for the most aggressive evangelistic work and the largest increase in membership. There are plans for the recarpeting of the auditorium and lecture room during the year and for other improvements.

San Francisco First.—Ten persons were welcomed into the church fellowship Sunday, one on confession. Since January 1st sixty-one have been received, of which number thirty-eight were men. Sunday evening the officers of the Christian Endeavor Society were installed by the pastor. This installation is the custom in this church. In this way the relation of the Society to the church is repeatedly emphasized. During the year the Society has contributed to each of the Congregational benevolent societies.

Scott Valley.—The first installment of winter arrived several days ago, but we are now given a season of finest weather in which to prepare for the "long, dark nights and the snow," certain to arrive soon. This preparation should include a supply of books and papers for the long evenings. We hope The Pacific will not be forgotten. The following is quoted from a recent letter: "Since the Occident is gone I feel like taking The Pacific to my heart. It was a great misfortune for us Presbyterians to have to give up our dear, sunny, sweet, wise, little paper. The people in general will not take the more reserved and dignified Interior, and neither will they send it to all the home-y items of church news that used to find their way into the Occident. "Hold to your Pacific if you really want the Congregational consciousness to keep alive and warm." * * * The church in Etna received at its last communion two, by letter. Seven children were baptized. A recent entertainment (an evening with Tennyson) net-

ted ninety dollars for the Building Fund, a result greatly appreciated, for the church must be improved and enlarged. A payment of \$20, lately made, reduces the parsonage debt to \$110. Service at Callahans, unavoidably omitted for a few weeks, will soon be resumed. This is a place where many men are at work in the mines, but the membership is small. There is a good church building, an organ and the beginning of a library. The preaching service is appreciated and generally well attended. The McConaughy Sunday-school has suspended for the winter as nearly all who attended it have moved to Etna. The preaching service will be conducted as usual and there will be a Bible class led by the pastor. The Oro Fino church is depleted and weakened by removals. Some faithful ones remain and it may be said of them that they are lights left to shine in a very dark place. From over the mountains come frequent invitations for such service as the pastor of this parish can give, but it is not often that he is able to respond. No unwillingness to serve all detains him, but limitations of time and strength compel, sometimes, the sending of a reluctant refusal.

Southern California.

Redlands.—Sunday, November 4th, six persons were received into membership by letter and one on confession. In the evening the church was filled very full when Rev. W. F. Harper, pastor of the Baptist church, gave an interesting account of his attendance at the great International Christian Endeavor Convention in London, to a union of congregations, the united choirs furnishing the music.

Norwalk.—Pastor DeKay preached his fourth anniversary sermon November 4th. When the church called him it had only recently been organized, had no house of worship and only twenty members. Sixty-six have been added to the membership, of whom about half came on confession of faith. Present membership is sixty. A neat church was built the first year at cost of \$1,700, of which \$500 was from the Church Building Society; \$325 have been given to benevolences, and each year closed free from any debt. That this has been done in the face of three "dry" years speaks well for both church and pastor. Mr. DeKay's preaching is straightforward, positive and practical. As he said in his sermon, he has tried "to preach positive convictions positively and sweetly, * having no fads nor freaks to nourish and no desire to drive anybody." The church is united and ready for all good works. Rev. C. S. Billings will begin an evangelistic service next week with us. * * * Miss Denton spoke to a good audience on a recent Wednesday evening, on mission work in Japan. In the audience were several per-

sons who a few years ago were her pupils in a country school near by, and her welcome among them was especially warm. * * * Some thief broke into the birthday box and stole the contents which amounted to about five dollars. * * * A Loyal Temperance Legion has been organized.

Washington.

Tekoa.—Sunday, October 28th, four united with our church—one by letter and three on confession. We have organized a Bible class with the principal of the high school as teacher. We are planning for a Fellowship meeting with Brothers Walters, James, Mason and Painter, November 15th.

Notes and Personals.

The San Jose church will invite the General Association of Central and Northern California to hold its next annual meeting in San Jose.

Rev. E. S. Williams will speak at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

Washington.

The Congregational people of Palo Alto have called a council to meet Friday of this week to advise as to the organization of a Congregational church in that village, and to recognize the same if deemed expedient. The churches invited are in the Santa Clara Association.

The Editor attended church service Sunday morning at the Fourth church in Oakland, and spoke in the interests of The Pacific. Four new subscribers were secured. It was communion Sunday, and three persons were welcomed into fellowship. There was a promising lot of young people in attendance at the Sunday-school. More than half in attendance at the prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening in this church are young people.

The church at Santa Cruz has arranged an attractive lecture course. November 30th Prof. R. R. Lloyd will speak on "The Diet at Worms." December 14th Dr. Geo. C. Adams, on "The Alaskan Coast." January the 18th, Rev. Charles R. Brown on "A Horseback Ride in Palestine." February 1st, Rev. Geo. B. Hatch on "Snap Shots of Travel." February 15th, Rev. William Rader on "Rambles in Europe."

Rev. F. V. Jones has resigned at Reno, Nevada, the resignation to take effect the first of the year. This is greatly to the regret of the entire membership and the community. Mr. Jones requires a lower altitude. Were it not for this fact his resignation would not be accepted. Business men in Reno, not conver-

sant with this fact, began to ask at once for a meeting to insist on the withdrawal of his resignation, promising considerable increase in salary. During Mr. Jones' pastorate the membership has increased about sixty in number, and the influence of the church in the city and in university circles has been greatly augmented.

The London Christian states that there is in England a growing habit of applauding preachers during the delivery of their sermons on great occasions, that in many quarters it is quite the fashion to cheer the preacher very much as a lecturer or political speaker is cheered. It is said that when Laordaire was once applauded he paused and said with severity, "Gentlemen, the Word of God is not to be applauded, it is to be obeyed."

Modern Martyrs.

Tuesday afternoon, October 30th, there was held in Redlands a very solemn memorial and prayer service. This was held in accordance with a call by a union of mission boards of all denominations for special prayer, private and public, during this week for the losses and present conditions in China.

This gathering was specially interesting, in that it was a union meeting of the women of our various denominations interested in one common cause, the spread of the kingdom of Righteousness.

Each denomination, by some representative, presented a condensed statement of the losses sustained by that denomination in the recent uprising. These were followed by earnest prayer and very carefully prepared music from members of the various choirs. The deep tones of the pipe organ added richness and solemnity, and from the opening solo, "These are they that came out of great tribulation, and now are they before the throne of God, and all tears have been wiped away," to the end, the impression was at once solemn and uplifting, as if in the very presence of the King.

Deep earnestness was expressed on the faces of the leader and the audience, and when the familiar words were sung, "Some day the silver cord will break, And I shall enter into rest," one could but feel it was a blessed service, worthy of faithfulness even unto death.

W.

As we go to press the country is rejoicing over the re-election of President McKinley. Bryanism had a hard blow. It is not likely to get control of the Democratic party again. The Republicans are saying, "It was a glorious victory." We are glad to rejoice with the rejoicing.

Phil Sheridan's Blunder.

Every year bright boys try for admission to West Point. It is necessary to be appointed by a Congressman or by the President of the United States. The course of study is hard, the drill is severe, the discipline is stern and at least half of those who enter fail to graduate. A man who completes his course, however, is a second lieutenant in the regular army, and, if he lives and behaves himself, may rise to be commanding general.

All have heard of General Sheridan, Grant's favorite soldier, who died about eleven years ago at the head of the army. Sheridan was a poor boy from a little town in Ohio, and when he first entered West Point he feared that he could not keep up with his class. The lessons in mathematics were very difficult and Sheridan had never gone to a first-class school. His room-mate, S'ocum, the General Slocum who afterwards marched to the sea, helped him through some of the intricate problems, and Phil Sheridan began to breathe more easily.

Sheridan was a bright lad, but he had a savage temper. One day his company was being drilled by a cadet officer named Terrill. Terrill gave a command which provoked Sheridan and Sheridan sprang from the ranks, bayonet in hand. In a moment he saw what a terrible blunder he had made, lowered his bayonet and fell back into his place. Still, he had disobeyed orders and threatened an officer, two serious faults in the army. Terrill reported him for his conduct. Sheridan grew even more angry and attacked Terrill with his fists. Of course Terrill defended himself and during the fight a superior officer passed. As boys say Phil was in a bad scrape. The West Point rules are very strict and require that the youngest cadet officer, while on duty, must be treated with as much respect as if he were the commander-in-chief. Sheridan had defied the discipline, and an example had to be made.

Many a boy, after a fight, has been detained in the school-room or been obliged to write out a few pages of a text-book. West Point discipline is a more serious matter. Phil Sheridan was suspended for a year. He had to go back home, to run errands, to work in a little country store, and, worse than all, to be laughed at by his neighbors. It was a heavy price to pay for a burst of bad temper, and at the time Phil thought himself abused. Boys fancy themselves martyrs on slight occasion. Phil Sheridan looked on himself as a badly treated cadet, and on the West Point authorities as tyrants. As he grew older, he saw that the penalty was really a mild one. The authorities might have expelled him, and then all his hopes of military fame might have been blasted.

After a year's suspension, Sheridan returned to West Point; and graduated a year later

than his class. In 1861, after the war broke out, he met Terrill and they shook hands. A few months later Terrill was killed in battle, and Sheridan was glad that his old malice and bitterness had been put away. It is said that in General Sheridan's declining years his temper grew more gentle. He may have thought of a great man, perhaps the greatest man that ever lived, who was shut out of the promised land, because of his furious temper. At all events he saw what a terrible blunder he had made, and how nearly he had wrecked the hopes of his young life.

It is an easy matter to yield to anger, and a hard matter to conquer one's wrath. But many a man has ruined himself forever by some hasty deed or a few bad words. Something is said, and friendship is broken so that it can never be mended. A business opportunity opens, but the chance is lost by some folly committed in an angry moment. Sometimes the heart aches when it is too late. The words have been said, the deed has been done, and the sorrow is the sorrow of Esau after he had sold his birthright.

Each of us knows some one who, when angry, acts as foolish as a drunkard or a 'unatic. We remember a school teacher, a man of learning and talent, who had no control of himself. It was easy for boys to torment him, and he raked wildly, stamping, yelling, making a spectacle of himself. He might have been an ornament to the city wherein he lived if he had bridled his tongue; but he was a laughing stock to the boys in his class room. They were not old enough to appreciate his scholarship or wise enough to see his many excellences. They were quick enough, however, to see his weak points. We suppose that every town has had some teacher of this class. Boys who grow interested in this story will read of terrible blunders made by famous statesmen when they let their tempers get control of them.

The wise king of Israel tells us that "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls." Surely these words have been proven many times.

Married.

DAY--PEARSON.—Rev. R. C. Day, pastor at Rohnerville, and Miss Lenore A. Pearson, on October 25th, at the bride's home in Penryn, Calif. The groom's father, Rev. W. C. Day, officiated.

"My Mother's Life," a memoir of Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, by her daughter, Mary H. Rositer. Pp. 353. Revell. A memorial of a good woman and efficient laborer in the W. C. T. U., to which Bishop Vincent furnishes an introductory note.

The Domestic Education of Children.

Education in its broadest sense is threefold, an unfolding and development of the whole nature of the child, a culture of the head, the hand and the heart.

To connect the idea of education wholly with the instruction given in the school-room and the accomplishments acquired under the tuition of special masters is a mistake. The larger part of the child's real education comes from other sources than the school or the college. Nature, environment, and his own inward experiences are among the child's most constant teachers, and the home, with its varying details of every-day life is the best of schools.

Many parents overlook the value of domestic work in the education of their children. Mothers think; "Oh, the children will be young but once; let them enjoy themselves. I do not want to make them old before their time by compelling them to work." This kind of devotion is by no means conducive to the best good of the children, and too often results in such an encouragement of selfishness in their characters as to demand continued leisure and maternal servitude, even when the age of maturity has been reached.

The variety of duties necessary in the case of the home and the family offers a broad field in manual training. The knowledge which may be acquired, in connection with such training, of the best methods of doing the different kinds of work, of the natural and chemical laws involved, of the reasons why for health or economy certain ways are better than others, affords a wide scope for intellectual training. Many desirable attributes of character are also the direct and indirect outgrowth of such training; for as Felix Adler says, "Squareness in things is not without relation to squareness in action and thinking." Training in domestic work helps to develop judgment, patience, accuracy, thoroughness, perseverance, and responsibility. It teaches the nobility of labor, and aids in the formation of habits of industry. Coupled with the intellectual training of the school, it offers the child an all-round education which school work alone fails to give.

"But," says one, "there is so little time, outside the school hours, available for work." True, and there is but little time given each day to any one of the different studies in the school curriculum. It is the little learned from day to day that sums up at the end into something accomplished. The child who spends but an hour or two each day from the age of five to fifteen years in domestic work will have become master of many branches of the art at that age if the instruction has been rightly directed.

In the right direction of this instruction lies the great secret of its value. The mere rou-

tine performance of certain household tasks as a matter of convenience, and these too often tasks which the older members of the family, not liking to do, have relegated to the children, is not sufficient. While it should be understood that any work which is for the common good of the household is important work, the little pupils' tasks should be varied from time to time, and made pleasurable and progressive.

True education in all lines is a process of growth, and in domestic education, as in any other, there should be the opportunity afforded for climbing upward, not only from one step to a higher of the same grade, but from one department of work to another, as strength and proficiency are gained. The lack of this opportunity for advancement makes of the task what it so often appears to the child, mere drudgery—work which has to be done, and, as he feels, the sooner the better. There is no joy in such work, because it offers no incentive for well-doing.—Mrs. E. E. Kellogg, in the *New Crusade*.

A Humble Hero

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

Jack Brent and Dick Creighton worked in the Corning mines. Their fathers and grandfathers for many generations had been miners, and, though quite intelligent young men, it had never occurred to them that they might earn their bread in a less dangerous and more comfortable way than by the digging and delving which was theirs by inheritance.

During the whole of their school life Jack and Dick had been inseparable friends, and when they went to work together, many hundred feet below the surface of the earth, they solemnly pledged themselves to stand together no matter what might happen. These pledges were given in good faith; but soon after the boys began their life of toil a premium was offered to the most expert workman in every division of the mine, and Jack happened to be the fortunate man in his section. Dick was disappointed, and in anger charged his friend with having used unfair means to gain his promotion. Jack resented the insult. Hot words followed, and when they separated it was with the understanding that their days of friendship were ended forever. As the months and years went by they maintained a sullen silence toward each other, passing and repassing often many times a day, and working side by side, frequently, for hours together, yet never uttering a word.

One winter a wonderful revival visited the little mining town of Corning, and among a host of miners who were hopefully converted Jack Brent's name was written. Dick, too, was deeply impressed with the solemnity of the meetings, but after the night Jack rose up and said he had decided for Christ, Dick attended them no more. He said he could have

no faith in a religion that sheltered such hypocrites as Jack Brent. When urged to make his own salvation sure, he declared that if Jack Brent went to heaven he had no desire to go, as he had seen enough already of his underhand work.

All this reached Jack's ears in due course of time. But he was a man of few words, and all he said was, "I must try to live so that he will see no fault in my life." The next spring, when a new shaft was to be sunk, Tom Reynolds, the section boss, detailed Jack and Dick to assist him. One day when blasting was necessary, they filled with gunpowder the bottom of the hole that had been bored, and then, as was their custom, tamped with soft stone to the top. After this the working tools were placed in a corner of the pit, and weighted down securely. When everything was in readiness, Reynolds climbed to the top, leaving the two silent companions below.

The right and proper course would have been to cut the fuse to its necessary length before placing it in the hole. This done, one of the two should have ascended in the bucket, while the one left in the pit should have waited until the bucket came down again before firing the touch paper placed under the fuse. As soon as this was accomplished, and the signal given, it was the duty of the two men above to draw the third one out of danger before the explosion took place. Reynolds had left the lighting of the fuse in Dick's hands. Although usually very careful, he thoughtlessly struck a match to see that all was right, and in holding it too near the fuse ignited the paper. Both men understood the situation, and jumped into the bucket, shouting the signal. But Reynolds could not draw both men up, and he shouted back, "One can be saved; the other must take his chance."

Already he heard the hissing sparks, and understood what had happened. It was Dick's place to stay, but as Jack glanced into his horror stricken face, it flashed into his mind that the boy was not prepared for death. "I will stay," he said calmly, as he stepped out of the bucket and gave the signal again.

"But it's my place," faltered Dick.

"I'm not afraid to take the risk," replied Jack as the windlass began to turn.

"Good-bye, Dick. I'll be in heaven in a minute," he called, as the distance between them increased.

Dick could do no more than wave his hand in reply as the bucket sped swiftly up the shaft.

"Poor Jack! I believe in his religion now," he cried, as he stepped unharmed upon the platform.

Just at that minute the hollow, rumbling roar of the explosion was heard, and fragments of the rended rock were hurled to the

mouth of the pit, then the smoke came pouring forth with a sickening odor. Dick and his companion listened with beating hearts and throbbing temples.

"He gave his life for me, an enemy. Was there ever a more Christly deed?" cried Dick in awe.

As soon as they could venture down the shaft, the two stout-hearted men let themselves down, down, down through the stifling sulphur until they stood upon the riven earth in the bottom of the pit. Stones lay here and there in wild confusion, but brave-hearted Jack was nowhere to be seen. With quivering hearts they began to search among the rubbish, and soon they came upon the humble hero, bruised and bleeding indeed, but still alive and partially conscious.

"Thank God, his heart is beating yet!" said Dick, bending over the prostrate form.

"Jack, Jack, can you forgive me for misjudging? I thought you a coward because you would not fight me, but you have shown your courage nobly by standing between me and the enemy I dared not meet."

"Jesus was with me and I was not afraid," said Jack, feebly, with a faint smile. "I had thought to be in heaven by this time, but my Master has graciously spared my life."

"Thank God that your blood is not upon my head!" said Dick, eagerly.

"We must get him to the open air if we are to keep him with us long," interrupted Reynolds, bluntly. "Don't you see how pale he is turning?"

Hearing voices above, Dick shouted for help, and Jack was carried back into the pure air and sunshine. The story of the Christian heroism passed from lip to lip until it was known to every soul in Corning. While he lay bruised and battered upon his bed of pain, flowers and favors enough to brighten and bless a whole lifetime were lavished upon him. Dick gave up his work that he might have the privilege of waiting upon him, and many happy hours did the two friends, so long estranged, enjoy together. Jack said little about his religious experience, but his fearlessness in the face of death, and his cheerful patience during the many hours of suffering that followed, preached Christ far more eloquently than any words that he could have uttered. Jack recovered his health in a measure, yet he never was strong enough to go back into the bowels of the earth to dig and delve as he had done before; but though God shut one door of service, he set another wide open. His work in the mines ceased when he faced death for his enemy, but his ministry to the lowly miners continues to this day, and no pastor or evangelist in all the Ohio Valley has been the means of winning more souls to Jesus than plain, unlearned Jack Brent, the colporter.

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Uses of Turpentine.

Turpentine, either in resinous form or in spirits of turpentine, has a lot of household virtues well known to women on the frontier or in isolated farm houses, but not so familiar to city house-wives. Few barefoot boys are ignorant that a cut toe heals quickly if some resinous turpentine is used as a salve. But in some cities spirits of turpentine can be more easily secured and is more convenient for application. In most cases it will produce the same effect.

Let a child suffering from the croup, or from any throat or lung difficulty, inhale the vapor, and then rub the little sufferer's chest till the skin is red, ending by wrapping about it a flannel moistened with the fiery spirits. Relief will be almost instantaneous. Afterward sweet oil will save the skin.

Use spirits of turpentine for burns; the pain will disappear and healthy granulation at once set in. It can be applied effectively on a linen rag.

Spirits of turpentine will take away the soreness of a blister very quickly. The skin will go down, and healing will begin as soon as the remedy is applied.

But outside of the family medicine chest spirits of turpentine is a good thing to have at hand. It is the best dressing for patent leather; it will clean artists' clothes and workmen's garments from paint; it will drive away moths if a few drops are put into the closets and chests; it will persuade mice to find other quarters far away, if a little is poured into the mouse-holes. A tablespoonful added to the water in which linens are boiled will make the goods wonderfully white; a few drops will prevent starch from sticking; mixed with beeswax it will make the best floor polish, and mixed with sweet oil it is unrivaled for furniture. The latter mixture should be two parts of sweet oil to one of turpentine.

Some physicians recommend spirits of turpentine in external applications for lumbago and rheumatism. It is also prescribed for neuralgia of the face. It is an article that should always be kept about the house and away from the fire.

"I guess that ain't me," said little Ralph as he gazed earnestly at a photograph of himself. "What makes you think it isn't?" asked his mother. "Cause it's standin' still too long to be me," was the reply.

Judson W. Lyons, the Register of the American Treasury, holds the most important public office ever filled by a colored man. With Secretary Gage and Treasurer Roberts he forms a triumvirate that controls the money stock of the republic. Not a dollar can be paid from the Treasury without their assent, and the smallest greenback and the imposing new fifty-thousand-dollar consols alike require the name of this interesting negro to make them other than mere paper. Of course Mr. Lyons cannot personally sign every note issued by the Treasury at the bureau of engraving and printing. Therefore his signature is cut into the steel dies from which the bills are struck. It is different, however, with the registered bonds, on which the faith of the government is pledged. The register has to sign each of them by hand. This is a tremendous task, for Mr. Lyons is often compelled to handle near five thousand bonds a day.

Then the Bible reveals an immortality for man. Its precepts and principles do not only make him an infinitely better man in the world that now is, but they prepare him for a blessed immortality. Nowhere in all the world of learning can we find a reasonable hope of immortality outside of the Bible. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his great mercy begat us again into a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead unto an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that

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fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who by the power of God are guarded through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. "The Bible is a window in this prison of hope through which we look into eternity."—[Dwight.

"If I were a better man," said a distinguished pulpit orator, "I would be a better preacher." That signifies much. No matter how gifted and eloquent a preacher may be, unless he is deeply, devoutly candid and pious at heart he will not be a really good minister of the gospel of Christ. Moral manhood tells in all the professions, but in none so much as in the ministry. There pretense and sham, envy and ambition, will more or less sap the spiritual strength that is so essential to communion with God and power over men. It was the masterly moral manhood in Jesus that so impressed the people that the officers sent to arrest him returned saying, "Never man spake like this man," and caused the common people to hear him gladly. It was his high moral integrity, his self-sacrificing devotion, and his deep spirituality that made Paul the masterly promulgator of the gospel that he was. The same is true of Luther, Knox, Wesley, Otterbein, and all others especially distinguished as being, through long years of service, successful champions of the cross. Brethren, would you be better preachers? Then strive to be better men.

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Common Errors of Speech.

When a name designates a great person or things taken as one and spoken of as a whole, it is only called a collective name, as, audience, assembly, crowd, army, mob, jury, society, public, common. The idea of unity is predominant. Collective nouns take singular as:

board of health has passed a by-

fleet was entirely destroyed. society offers this suggestion. faculty favors its adoption. committee begs leave to report. Senate has passed the bill. mob was immovable. audience was not large. Congress is now in session. jury finds the prisoner guilty. society is getting up a sociable. dollars and fifty-three cents is price.

army was disorganized. N. Y. C. R. has erected a new

When the idea of plurality is prominent, collective nouns take plural as:

public are invited to be present. nobility were alarmed. peasantry go barefooted. fourteenth of them are convicts. people are often deceived. hundred men were sent. jury was kept without food. silver dollars were thrown him. ice two are four.

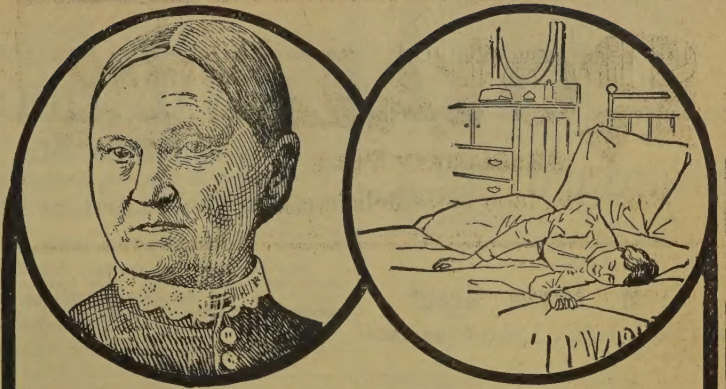
The last sentence the idea of plurality is quite noticeable. We think of separate twos, and know that put together they will make four. say, "the public are invited," because it is really the individuals who make up the public that are invited. public is not a corporate body, and should not be invited as such. It is quite common to use the plural form in such cases as "The Star Coal Company

When you look at a dozen common lamp-chimneys, and then at Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass," you will see the differences—all but one—they break from heat; Macbeth's don't; you can't see that. Common glass is misty, thick, dusty; you can't see through it; Macbeth's is clear.

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Nervous Exhaustion

"Two years ago this summer I was in a miserable condition as the result of hard work. I was completely run down, pale and losing flesh, and so nervous that I could not sleep or even get rest. It was dreadful to go to bed at night all worn out and lie awake for hours with nervousness. If I did fall asleep it was to wake up in the morning as tired as when I went to bed. My head troubled me a great deal, too, both with pain and dizziness. If I stooped over at any time I would be so dizzy I could hardly see or keep from falling down. I was troubled somewhat with indigestion at this time, but the nervousness was the greater trouble. If I became a little excited my hands would shake so I could hardly hold anything in them. I employed our best physicians, but not one of them did me any permanent good."

"I had, of course, read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but had never taken any of them till Mr. Robert Van Kuren, of Jordan, recommended them to me so strongly, from his own experience with them, that I got some and before the first box was used up I began to feel that they were doing me good. I kept on taking them according to directions and got from them the only real, permanent benefit I have had from any remedy. It did seem so good to get a night's sleep and to be refreshed by it. I am a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I do, and shall, recommend them to my friends. I generally keep a box in the house to take in case I feel a little run down."

June 26, 1900.

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have failed." It would be more correct to say "has failed," because it is the corporation and not the individual stockholders to which we refer. We say, "The peasantry go barefooted," using the plural verb, because we refer to the individuals. A little thought in the use of collective names will prevent errors.—Journal and Tribune's Night-School.

Cattle with spectacles are to be seen on the Russian steppes. The steppes are covered with snow more than six months of the year. The cows subsist on the tufts of grass which crop above the snow, and the rays of the sun are so dazzling as to cause blindness. To obviate this calamity, it occurred to a kind-hearted man to protect cows' eyes in the same way as those of human beings, and he manufactured smoke-colored spectacles which could be safely worn by cattle. These spectacles

were a great success, and are now worn by upward of forty thousand head of cattle, who no longer suffer from the snow-blindness which once caused such suffering among them.—Collier's

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Emancipation of women: "Miller's wife is very saving, isn't she?" "I should say so. She saves half of the house allowance every week for her divorce expenses."—Fliegende Blätter.

It was the first time Dorothy had seen a street sprinkler. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed with wide-open eyes, "just see what that man's got on his wagon to keep the boys from riding behind!"

Teacher: "Now do you see the difference between animal instinct and human reason?" Bright Boy: "Yes'm. If we had instinct, we'd know everything we needed to without learning it; but we've got reason, and have to study ourselves mos' blind or be a fool."—Good News.

The mooted case of "Country Bred Men vs. City Bred Men" is the title of a noteworthy paper contributed by Dr. A. E. Winship to the November number of The World's Work. Dr. Winship shows that, contrary to popular belief, the big cities have supplied a larger proportion of our successful men than the country.

At a village school not many miles from Canterbury, a precocious boy being asked to parse the sentence, "Mary, milk the cow," went on accurately till he came to the last word, when he said, "Cow is a pronoun, feminine gender, third person singular, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary?" asked the master in astonishment. "Yes, sir," responded the urchin with a grin, "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk the cow?"

A man of letters who visited Washington recently at a dinner party sat next to the daughter of a noted naval officer. Her vocabulary is of that kind peculiar to very young girls, but she rattled away at the famous man without a moment's respite. It was during a pause in the general conversation that she said to him, "I'm awfully tsuck on Shakespeare. Don't you think he is terribly interesting?" Everybody listened to hear the great man's reply, for as a Shakesperian scholar he has few peers. "Yes," he said solemnly, "I do think he is interesting; I think he

is more than that; I think Shakespeare is just simply too cute for anything."—Washington Post.



The life of the business woman is not easy. Usually it is a monotonous routine of work often aggravated by the ill temper or stupidity of others. And when the physical condition of the woman keeps her in constant suffering it makes her lot a hard one.

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"I had been a great sufferer from female weakness for about two years," writes Mrs. Emma Richardson, of Goss, Wayne Co., Ky. "Could not do my work part of the time. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and felt as well as I ever did. I have also used Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for ulceration of the throat with good results and half of one bottle cured my throat when I could scarcely swallow."

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